

### *Dr. Windthorst.*

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WHEN, in 1874, Mallinckrodt, the courageous champion of the Catholic cause in the outset of the *Culturkampf*, was laid to rest, only a little flock of personal friends were gathered round his grave. His Parliamentary colleagues were absent, for the Reichstag was not sitting at the time; the official circles of Berlin gave no sign of interest or sympathy; the Catholics of Germany alone bewailed him. It was universally felt that they had sustained a severe and apparently irreparable loss. Neither the political opponents nor the partisans of the departed leader knew that there was one fully qualified to take up the mantle that fell from him; one in whom would be his double spirit, whose influence would be felt throughout the length and breadth of the realm, who would give to his party a status it had hitherto been far from possessing, and raise it from the despised and impotent minority that it was, to be an important and powerful factor in the life of the State. Seventeen years have now elapsed since Mallinckrodt passed away, and during that period how great the change! His successor in the leadership, Dr. Windthorst, has become the foremost politician of the Empire, and when, at a ripe old age and in the fulness of his powers, he too is snatched away by the hand of death, the whole German nation, headed by its Emperor, lays its tribute on his grave; the highest State officials, the *élite* of Berlin society, attend his obsequies.

The man whom King and people thus desire to honour, was born on the 17th of January, 1812, at Kaldenhof, a country-house with a large farm attached to it, where his parents resided, not far from Osnabrück, in the former kingdom and present Prussian province of Hanover. The house is situated in a lonely and picturesque part of the country, in a fertile valley surrounded by woods and meadows, where are scattered about the cottages of the labourers employed on the farm. The nearest town is Osterkappeln, where Ludwig Windthorst

in his early days attended the services of the Church, and went to school. There, too, his father, who was *juris utriusque doctor*, practised as an attorney. When ten years old, the boy was sent to the house of a relative, one of the cathedral clergy at Osnabrück, in order that he might receive his education at the Gymnasium there. Though naturally quick and intelligent, he did not at first get on very well; in fact it is said that his father, annoyed at what he termed his child's perversity, declared he would take him from school and apprentice him to a shoemaker. But this state of things did not last long; Ludwig soon became a favourite with his teachers, who pronounced him a clever lad, possessed of astonishing penetration, and, despite his somewhat fussy manner, thoroughly pious and conscientious. His certificates, too, were most satisfactory; for general conduct, "blameless;" in German, Latin, mathematics, history, and natural sciences, "excellent;" in French and Greek, "good." The Westphalians are simple, God-fearing people, and the love of truth and justice, reverence for authority, firmness in defence of the right, were principles early implanted in his mind.

In his boyhood Windthorst evinced a desire to enter the priesthood, an aspiration which his parents, who were excellent Catholics, were far from opposing. As he grew up, however, no marked vocation manifested itself, and when, at the age of eighteen, he left the Gymnasium, he chose to study law. For this purpose he went to the University of Göttingen first and that of Heidelberg afterwards, making such rapid progress that in four years' time he was qualified to act as an advocate in his native province. Windthorst had a happy youth, and not the least happy part was perhaps the period of his life as a student. In later years he always had a good word for the time-honoured academic customs and usages, and loved to relate droll stories of his experiences as a student, enjoying those most of all in which the joke went against himself. His ready tongue, however, enabled him always to defend himself against ridicule. An anecdote of his school-days shows that he was never at a loss for a repartee. Once a big, burly school-fellow thought fit to speak derisively of Windthorst's somewhat diminutive stature, bidding him come and let him put him in his pocket. "It is a pity you cannot put me into your head," was the quick retort, "then it would not be quite as empty as it is now."

Windthorst had to make his own way in the world, and to work hard, for he was dependent on his own exertions. His ability and talents soon enabled him to rise, and he obtained a very good position in Osnabrück. At the age of twenty-six he married. Of the four children born to him, two sons and a daughter died young; one daughter only survived him, and it was her sad privilege to stand at his side in his last moments. In 1849 his Parliamentary career began; he was elected Member of the Hanoverian Landtag, where his oratorical powers, and thorough acquaintance with the subjects on which he spoke, soon drew attention to him. Two years later he was made President of the Lower House and nominated Minister of Justice by the King. In 1853 he retired from the Cabinet, in consequence of holding a different opinion from the King as to the position Hanover should take in the Austro-Prussian War, and did not take office again until 1862. In the interim, he took an active part in the affairs of the diocese, and it was mainly owing to his exertions that Paul Melchers, who afterwards, as Archbishop of Cologne, heroically suffered exile and imprisonment for the same sacred cause for which Windthorst combated so bravely on the political arena, was raised to the Episcopate.

After the termination of the Austro-Prussian War, and the annexation of Hanover to Prussia, Dr. Windthorst was chosen to conduct the negotiations with Prince Bismarck on behalf of King George. He was much attached to the dynasty he served, and felt keenly the ill-fortune that had befallen his country. Now the question presented itself whether he should, with ineffectual protest, retire into private life, or, like many of his colleagues, go over to the side of the conqueror? He did neither: he loyally defended the interests of the deposed monarch whom he politically represented, and strenuously resisted the high-handed policy which Bismarck, flushed with victory, attempted to pursue. But he knew how to yield when persistence was useless. Inexorable and uncompromizing where principles were involved, he had the prudence never to push a point too far, and no one knew better than he did how to make the best of existing circumstances. Had he at this juncture obstinately continued to uphold the claims of the House of Hanover, how different his future career would have been, how different the issue of the *Culturkampf*! His penetrating eye saw in what the designs of Bismarck would

eventuate, and he had the wisdom to divorce dynasty from religion, to let the former go, in order to cling with all the greater tenacity to the latter. From that time he devoted himself to Parliamentary life, though it was not until three years later that he was to engage the imperious Chancellor in hand-to-hand contest, in that memorable political strife which was to be carried on relentlessly for twenty years, until Bismarck was obliged to retire discomfited from the field where he could no longer prevail against his intrepid antagonist.

In 1867, Windthorst was returned by the Hanoverian constituency of Meppen as Member of the Prussian House of Deputies, and of the German Parliament. Before the Œcumenical Council he questioned the advisability of the definition of the Papal Infallibility, and even, it is alleged, expressed himself strongly against it. But he accepted the decision with unhesitating loyalty, and soon became the leading figure of the Ultramontane party in the House of Parliament. Seldom has any Opposition been composed of elements so heterogeneous as the so-called party of the Centre. It included men of every condition and social rank; prelates and priests, lawyers and savants, men engaged in commerce, and members of the oldest aristocracy. Amongst these there could not fail to be in regard to politics wide divergence of sentiment and opinion, if not actual clashing of interests. Men of ability, experience, and decision were not wanting, far from it, but each had his own way of looking at things, the views and ideas peculiar to his own class or calling. To keep these discordant elements together, and bind them into a coherent and consistent whole was the difficult task which lay before Windthorst, when on Mallinckrodt's death, he assumed the leadership—and admirably he accomplished it. He fully understood that if a small minority is to hold its own against an overwhelming majority of prejudiced and illiberal Protestants, unity among its members on all main points is indispensably requisite. That this union was maintained on all questions where important principles were at stake, for many years, often amid sharp contests, was owing to the tact and wisdom wherewith he appealed, in eloquent and persuasive language, to his colleagues, exhorting them to regard the questions before them from the standpoint of their common faith, and not to allow political differences to turn them aside from the policy they had agreed to adopt, staunch adhesion to the Catholic Church, unceasing protest against the invasion of



her rights, fidelity to the principles of truth, liberty, and justice. Thus it was thus Windthorst achieved his position; that he became, and remained for the rest of his life, one of the most prominent and influential politicians of the whole German Empire. Both in the House of Parliament and beyond its walls, great weight was attached to his opinion in questions of the day, and his words often weighed very heavily in the balance. Those who differed from him generally had in the end to acknowledge that he had been right in his judgment. Sometimes in conference with his colleagues his advice would be overruled. On such occasions he would turn away in sorrowful silence, and drum with his fingers on the window-panes. The words: "Well, well, I had better take myself off, then these young men can manage everything their own way," are reported to have more than once fallen from his lips. But he was ever scrupulously careful to consult the wishes of his constituents, and to learn the opinions of his party. Both the one and the other had the most perfect confidence in him, and the latter would follow him blindly, convinced that "his little Excellency" would not be proved wrong. One great secret of his success was that he never spent his strength in striving after what was unattainable, and could, in secondary matters, yield gracefully to the opinion of the majority when it did not concur with his own. In fact, it was as much through self-restraint, patience, and consideration for others that he gained and exercised his great personal influence, as through his far-sightedness, force of character, and intellectual acumen.

As a Parliamentary debater of the first order, Dr. Windthorst has won a world-wide reputation. His personal appearance was most insignificant, and at the outset "his little Excellency" furnished the society papers of Berlin with a subject for their witticisms. The caricatures, however, soon disappeared when the intellectual power of the man made itself felt. When he spoke, and he did so on all important occasions, every one listened. "To see him standing in his place when a debate was going on," says a Member of the House, "his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, his head sunk forward upon his chest, one might imagine he was paying no heed to the proceedings. Only now and again the expression which flitted over his countenance, or some apposite remark which fell from his lips, gave evidence that he was listening to the speeches that were made. Listening he was indeed,

and most intently; not a word escaped him, his singularly retentive memory enabling him to remember every point in a discussion of some five or six hours' duration, and at its close to answer each speaker in turn with forcible and appropriate arguments, without the assistance of a single note. In this respect Windthorst was unrivalled. Perhaps the weakness of his sight (in his later years he was nearly blind) contributed to sharpen his hearing, and render his memory so astonishingly acute. Two years ago, when he brought forward his motion on the subject of education, and as the proposer had the right to the final word, he summed up the whole after a debate of five hours, meeting and answering each objection in turn with unerring accuracy, as if he had all before him in shorthand. Tired as the House was, his replies and explanations were listened to with unflagging attention for a whole hour."

Windthorst expressed himself with great fluency and in good language. He was never at a loss for a word; this is the more surprising, as he did not prepare his speeches, but trusted to the inspiration of the moment. He had a keen sense of humour, and was able to handle sarcasm adroitly, but even when he pilloried his political opponents with the most unsparing hand, there was never a word that could wound or give offence personally. Though energetic and vivacious, his language was never intemperate or exaggerated; the occasions on which he was known to lose his self-command in public may be counted on the fingers of one hand; generally he could keep cool-headed in the hottest discussion. This was peculiarly exasperating to Prince Bismarck, whose irascible temperament is well-known.

No one could surpass Windthorst in the assiduous performance of his public duties, or in the regularity of his Parliamentary attendance. The first day of the Session found him in Berlin, nor was he ever known to leave before the last was over. He was always at his post; if the House went into Committee, if a section of the Centre met for deliberation, or a meeting was held to confer with representatives of the Government, Windthorst never absented himself. If urged to spare himself and take a little rest, when his presence was not absolutely necessary, he would reply that if he stayed away he might miss something. An habitual early riser, he got through his correspondence and arranged any matters that required attention immediately after breakfast, and shortly before ten

o'clock he might be seen wending his way from his modest apartment in the alten Jacobstrasse to the House. In fine dry weather he always went on foot, although his extreme near-sightedness made it dangerous for him to walk alone. The crossings were a great difficulty; it was his custom to ask some one, if a suitable individual was at hand, to conduct him over the more crowded ones. If the person selected as his guide happened to be a well-dressed man, he would enter into conversation with him, and talk so agreeably as to induce him to accompany him further, provided their ways did not lie in different directions. After the public business was disposed of in the House of Deputies, at one o'clock he would hasten down to the Reichstag, where he remained until his dinner hour, 5 or 5.30, without allowing himself a moment's rest, even when advancing years made him conscious of the rapid diminution of his physical strength.

"In the latter months of his life," writes Dr. Arendt, a Liberal-Conservative Member, "I was associated with Windthorst in the Commission on the School-laws. The first reading of the Bill required twenty-nine sittings, mostly held in the evening, and three to five hours in duration. Windthorst was present from beginning to end, his attention never relaxing for an instant. Sometimes he sat with his elbows propped on the table, and his head between his hands, so that he was thought to be asleep, until he suddenly looked up, and asked permission to speak. This he did with masterly vigour and lucidity, showing himself *facile princeps*. At the close of the sittings not unfrequently a stormy discussion took place, the opponents of the Bill being desirous to protract the deliberations as much as possible, while its supporters were equally anxious to expedite matters. Windthorst sometimes got quite angry. 'They ought to remember we are but human,' he would say, and then proceed to tell how he had been at work, first in a divisional committee, then in the full House, afterwards in the German Parliament, finally in this Commission, from 9 a.m., without intermission, until 10 p.m. One evening I found him alone in the cloak-room, groping his way about. I offered him my arm, he accepted it, complaining sadly over the failure of his powers.

"It was while this Commission was sitting, that Windthorst had the unfortunate fall down stairs, on the occasion of which Herr von Goszler, the Minister of Public Worship, his obstinate

opponent and adversary, played the part of Good Samaritan. When he reappeared among us, he was met with congratulations on his speedy recovery from the injuries he had sustained. 'When one is under the care of the highest medical practitioners,' he replied, 'one cannot do less than get well quickly.' As he had a strip of plaister on his nose, some one remarked that he looked as if he had just been fencing. 'Well,' he replied, 'have I not to cross swords with you every day?' Fearing lest his wife should feel alarmed on hearing of the accident that had befallen him, he wrote to her: 'My dear Julia, you need have no anxiety about my beauty, it is not in the least impaired.' He knew this was the surest way of reassuring her."

The same deputy relates the following curious incident that occurred in his personal intercourse with Dr. Windthorst. "Whilst the House was sitting on the 7th of March, 1888, I went over to where Windthorst was standing, to confer with him about some proposed motion. 'I think this is hardly a suitable time to bring it on,' he said. 'Who knows what the next few days may bring forth. You see the Emperor is dying.' I stared at him in amazement. 'What, did you not know that?' he added; 'it has just been told me!' I went back to the benches of my party, and told my friends what I had heard. One of them, who was then a Secretary in the Home Office, said that the bulletin of the Emperor's health that morning had been very satisfactory. We inquired of several members of the Ministry, not one had heard that there was any cause for alarm. Windthorst was then asked whence his information was obtained. 'His little Excellency' replied that he did not know the name of his informant; a man had called him out that morning, and told him the tidings, and he believed it to be correct. Almost immediately afterwards the Home Minister was called away, and the House was informed that the aged monarch was dangerously ill. Windthorst was the first who had any knowledge of the fact."

The "Pearl of Meppen," as he was familiarly styled, used to leave the House on foot, arm in arm with some colleague, generally accompanied by some friends and admirers. His was a well-known figure in the streets of Berlin; the passers-by would make way for him respectfully, and often stand and look after the little old man in the tall hat, saying to one another, "That is Windthorst." The shortness of his stature was most

striking when Windthorst, who scarcely reached to the shoulder of an average-sized man, walked, as he frequently did, with von Franckenstein, a remarkably fine specimen of the Bavarian aristocracy. Windthorst fully recognized von Franckenstein's worth; he had the greatest reliance on him, and frequently consulted him. They sat together in Parliament, *die grosse und die kleine Excellenz*, and arm in arm they walked *unter den Linden*, in confidential intercourse, forming plans for their country's good. Of an evening Windthorst read or dictated letters, and received visitors both of high and low degree. "Come to me in the evening, and we will talk it over quietly," was his usual reply to those who asked him for aid, counsel, or information.

A favourite with all classes, he knew how to attach every one to him by his amiability, his animation, his kindly, cordial manner. Political and religious foes he had, both many and bitter, but throughout his long public career he did not make a single personal enemy. He liked to associate on the most friendly terms with his political opponents, and with the representatives of the Liberal Press he maintained the best relations. Both in Berlin and Hanover, he went a good deal into society, and wherever he went, he was welcome. Whether he appeared in fashionable drawing-rooms, or at the students' club, whether he took his place at the banquets given by the great, or sat at the table of some homely citizen, his quick intelligence, his sparkling wit, his clever, amusing conversation rendered him an agreeable guest. In private life he was most edifying; an exemplary Catholic, regular in the performance of his religious duties, scrupulous in his observance of the precepts of the Church; in the domestic circle, a kind husband and affectionate father. His tastes were simple and his wants few; riches he only regarded as desirable to be employed on the furtherance of good ends. When some years back his grateful Catholic compatriots wished to purchase and present him with an estate, he declined the offer, requesting that the sum subscribed for a testimonial might instead be given towards the erection of a church in honour of our Lady in Hanover, a project he had much at heart.

In May, 1888, Windthorst celebrated his golden wedding, and received an ovation from his admirers all over Germany. Many valuable presents were made him; these consisted for the most part of gifts of money to defray the debt on that

church, a building of great architectural beauty, a permanent memorial of his devotion to our Lady. It was known that no other gifts would be as acceptable to him. Among the innumerable letters of congratulation he received on occasion of his golden wedding, was one written in the name of a little boy two years old, the son of one of his Parliamentary friends. A sum of money was enclosed for the *Marienkirche*. The youthful donor received the following autograph letter of thanks :

"I thank you very much, my dear little friend, for your good wishes on my golden wedding. I should say that I hope you may celebrate yours some day, were it not that, from your sending me some money for my church, I conclude, to my great pleasure, that you have the idea of becoming a priest. Should this really be your wish, I trust your good mother will encourage it. I cannot expect your father to do this, he is too much occupied with his worldly affairs. But I hope you may inherit his talent for public speaking, for then you will make a first-rate preacher. Give my kindest regards to both your parents. Best love to yourself from Uncle Windthorst."

The great object of Windthorst's life was to obtain even-handed justice for Catholics. One of his ablest speeches concluded with the words: "God grant I may live to see Protestants and Catholics placed on the same footing, the *status quo ante* restored. Then my task will be done, I shall die content." During the interval between his Parliamentary duties, he used to go about a great deal to speak at meetings and elections. To enumerate half the places where he appeared on the platform would indeed be a lengthy task. Wherever a service could be rendered to the cause of religion, or public opinion directed into the right channel, he was ready to lend the support of his name and his presence. Nothing was further from his thoughts than the desire to gain popularity and applause; it was often at the cost of a sacrifice to himself that he left the quiet retirement of home, or the peaceful seclusion of some country retreat, for the sake of addressing the crowded assemblies of a large town.

The yearly Conference of German Catholics he considered an event of much importance. He assisted at all the public meetings, seated in the President's chair, and invariably delivered the final address which wound up the proceedings. At the Conference of last year, held at Coblenz, a perfect storm of applause greeted the veteran chief when, on the closing day, he



was helped on to the platform. Enfeebled in body, he was still his old self, his mind as vigorous as ever. He stood motionless until silence was restored, and then, in his own easy and eloquent language, he laid before his hearers the present situation of Catholicism in Germany, reviewing the results of what had been done in the past, the hopes that might be entertained for the future, the duties of the children of the Church, and the programme of action for the ensuing year. For two hours he spoke, every word distinctly audible in the remotest corners of the spacious hall: his audience hung upon his lips. Not until he drew to an end, did his voice falter. "Whether it will be permitted me to stand amongst you next year, God only knows. Should it not be His will, I beg your prayers and kindly remembrance." His voice sank to a whisper; the emotion of the speaker was shared by every member of that vast assembly. May those who never heard his voice again, not forget his last request!

Tuesday, the 10th of March, 1891, was the last day that Windthorst filled his accustomed place in the House. Since the commencement of the month he had been troubled with a cold, and the night sitting of the Commission on the Primary Education Bill had overtaxed his strength. His friends remarked how ill he looked in the morning, and were not surprised to hear that he was prevented from joining in their deliberations in the evening by a slight attack of fever. The next day he was much worse, being delirious at times, so that when two or three of his intimate friends and Parliamentary colleagues visited him, it was thought right to call in two eminent physicians, and also to send word to the priest whom Windthorst had said was to be summoned in case of need. This priest came at once, but the sufferer was unconscious. Later on in the evening he came to himself, and devoutly received the last sacraments. Immediately after being anointed he relapsed into unconsciousness. The doctors pronounced the disease to be inflammation of the lungs. Count Ballestrem, who with two other deputies, was most assiduous in his administrations in the sick room, wrote to Hanover, breaking the intelligence as gently as possible to Dr. Windthorst's relatives. On the receipt of the letter, his daughter started directly for Berlin, and it was the sight of her in tears at his bedside that made the patient first realize that his condition was highly critical.

Meanwhile the news of his illness got abroad, and all Berlin flocked to his lodging with condolences and inquiries. The appearance of an imperial equipage on the afternoon of the 11th created quite a stir in the Jacobstrasse, but the excitement of the inhabitants knew no bounds when, on the following morning, the Emperor himself drove in person to the door. Telegrams came in from all parts of the Continent; to crown all, the Holy Father, apprised of the sickness of so valuable and excellent a son of the Church, sent his Apostolic Blessing. It was received by Windthorst in full consciousness and with deep gratitude and devotion.

The care bestowed on the illustrious sufferer appeared to have a good effect, and on Friday he seemed in a fair way to recover. He could swallow no solid food, but was able to take milk, and from time to time a little champagne. His mental activity revived and he inquired with interest how public affairs were going on. At 10 p.m., however, the feverish symptoms returned, and the physicians, summoned in haste, found on examination that the inflammation had spread from the right lung to the left, and that there was no hope of saving their patient's life. Delirium soon set in, and all night long the dying man was in a high fever. Imagining himself in the Reichstag, he spoke continually of the subjects uppermost in his mind: the Primary Education laws and the recall of the Jesuits. A few hours before he breathed his last he began to deliver a speech advocating the abrogation of the Jesuit Act. Although his previous utterances had been mostly incoherent, he began and ended this speech without losing the thread of his argument. His voice was so loud that it was heard distinctly in the adjoining room and on the stairs. At length he imagined himself at table, and proposed a toast for the Emperor and Empress: *Die müssen wir hochleben lassen!* Then his voice dropped, never to be heard again, except in response to the prayers for the departing. His daughter, kneeling at his side, entreated his forgiveness. "What need is there for forgiveness?" he inquired; "we have always been good friends. How is your mother? give her my love." While the commendatory prayers were being recited he seemed to fall asleep, and soon after 8 a.m. on Saturday, as the words, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, were being uttered, he drew a deep breath, and gently expired.

For many years no death, if we except those of the

Emperors William and Frederick, has created so great a sensation in Germany. Messages of sympathy arrived from every side; the Pope himself sent a long telegram to the widow. The remains were removed in the evening of the same day to St. Hedwig's Church, the principal Catholic church in Berlin, and placed on a high catafalque. The coffin was adorned with a magnificent wreath, sent by the Emperor, on the riband of which the letter W and a imperial crown were embroidered in gold, also with wreaths sent by other potentates. On the Tuesday following his death a Solemn Requiem took place, at which the Prince-Bishop of Breslau officiated, and delivered the funeral oration. All the Ministers, including Chancellor von Caprivi, were present in full uniform, as well as representatives of the Emperor and Empress, and of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, and the highest dignitaries of the State, both civil and ecclesiastical. Not a single individual of the Party of the Centre was missing, and almost all the other members of the Prussian House of Deputies and of the German Parliament, without distinction of creed or party, attended to pay their last tribute to the leading Catholic statesman of the day.

At the conclusion of the service a procession was formed, and through the streets down which he had so often passed, now thronged with sorrowing spectators, the remains of the departed leader were carried to the railway station, to be removed to Hanover for interment in the church he had dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God. May he rest in peace!

There is no doubt that the death of Windthorst is to Germany in general an event of high importance. No one was more universally esteemed and admired, even by his political adversaries, and hardly any one in the Reichstag, on the Right or on the Left or in the Centre, could have been so much missed as this gifted and energetic old man. As a signal proof of the influence he exercised up to the last, we need only remind the reader that it was his opposition that led to the resignation of Von Goszler, the Minister of Public Worship, and the appointment of another less adverse to Catholics, on the very day that Windthorst was attacked by the fatal malady that ended his career. It is also a significant fact that he had an interview of two hours' length with Prince Bismarck immediately before that statesman retired from the office he

had held so long and so triumphantly. In regard to years, the ex-Chancellor has, it is true, outlived the redoubtable opponent whom he formerly denounced as a wolf in ultramontane clothing, an enemy to the State, but in influence the latter has outlived him. It is not granted to Bismarck to die in harness, while Windthorst has passed away at the zenith of his fame and power; and Bismarck has the satisfaction of seeing the whole German Empire sorrowfully bewailing the removal of the dangerous *Reichsfeind*.

To the Catholic cause in Germany the death of Windthorst appears at first sight an irreparable loss. But he has done a great work, and it will live after him. We must trust the future to God, nor doubt that the wisdom, courage, and self-sacrificing devotion to his country's true interests of the aged leader will kindle the enthusiasm of his younger brethren, and that a successor will be found to follow in his steps. The legacy Windthorst leaves to his colleagues is the injunction that they should spare no effort to maintain supreme the authority of the Church and of the Holy Father. There is little fear that the "Centre" will swerve from this policy, or that the Catholics of Germany, who showed themselves so steadfast under persecution, will forget what they owe to this man, whose greatest praise it is that in consequence of his exertions the most powerful statesman of the nineteenth century failed in his warfare against the Church.

### *American Ambition.*

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YOUTH is always interesting! To be twenty-one in a garret, sings Béranger, is to live in a paradise. To be twenty-one in a garret in New York is to dream of one day being a millionaire or President of the United States. America, although a country advanced in every sphere and department of life; a country already boasting its triumphs in literature, science, and art; a country wielding sway in the destinies of the world, is still a young country, a country with the halo of youth about its untroubled, unwrinkled brows; with all the poetry and pathos, the recklessness, uncertainty, waywardness, courage, and headiness of youth.

With the "old-world" countries of Europe about us, amidst thrones whose gilt and tinsel are already faded and tarnished; surrounded by institutions, manners, and customs made venerable by the dust and cobwebs of antiquity, the young Republic of the West, rising sparkling and fresh, healthy and ruddy, from its great ocean bath, with youthful limbs well knit in symmetry of form and strength of mould, with eyes bright as the morning dew, with a heart ready to do and dare, a hand that knows its cunning, a head that foresees while it leaps—such a picture comes as a lively tonic, a vision of inspiration, a revelation to the time-worn, old-world, senile and effete institution of the East.

The electric thrill and throb of youth runs through the veins of America. How its young heart pants! How its young blood leaps! "Old men dream dreams, young men see visions." What a vision of greatness, of usefulness, of resource, of riches untold, of human glory, rises up before the gaze of the young Republic of the West! a vision that every American is striving to realize and fulfil. One profound conviction lies deep-rooted, down amidst the rocks of the American heart, be that American native or naturalized, that his country is the greatest country in the world. One prophetic vision stirs and fills his soul, that one

day, sooner or later, he will partake in that greatness. Ambition is the religion of America, something solemn, sacred, too deep for words. The carter of New York, the cowboy of the rolling plains, the miner of Montana, the farm-labourer of Kansas, all breathe and dream of that one magic word, "Ambition." The carter will one day drive his own team, the cowboy will one day reign as cattle king, the miner be manager or master of his mine, the labourer one day furrow his own farm.

To accomplish this "ambition" the American must know no rest. An American is a commercial chameleon. There is no hue or shade to which he cannot adapt himself if it will only promote the one grand end he has in view. If one State does not suit him he will try another, his mode of locomotion being often as precarious as the traveller is impecunious. It is not an unheard-of event on American railroads for a passenger to have travelled hundreds of miles on the buffer or step-board of a railway train. This he calls "beating his way," and considers it a natural mode of procedure if it will but convey him to his appointed destination. The uncertainty of his abode is equalled only by the variety of his employment. To what will not American ambition and enterprise turn itself? His want of technical skill or professional ability is a matter of very secondary consideration. You meet one man, now gradually making his "pile" as a "boss" of a mining gang. He has been cowboy, fireman in a steam-ship trading from New York to New Orleans, has been waiter in an hotel, took to mining, and now aspires to be manager—who knows? silver king—of his silver mine!

In —rd Street, New York, are rows of noble buildings, not wanting in architectural beauty and design, devoted to office and store purposes. Here is a general agent. You discourse on the *omni re scibili* of American commerce and enterprise. How did your interlocutor commence life? Well, a cashier. After that? Dealer in hides and skins. Then? Agent for large brewers and distillers, covering some hundred miles of prairie land each week. Well? Why after that, officer in the militia. What then? Porter in an oil and colour warehouse. Now? General agent and discoverer of a medicinal "bitter," which he hopes to float upon the world and make his millions. There you have the record of young American ambition now in its thirty-third year, the typical young man of America. In each of the above pursuits men tarried and prospered. In them, for



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DETROIT MICH.

*American Ambition.*

17

him, there was no money. He pushed on. How he hopes the worst is over. In the future he sees only fame and fortune. He will be a Gould, a Vanderbilt, a Mackey, or achieve the fame and immortalization of his own great name.

Why not? In every restaurant of New York there is an electric needle, from the 'Changes and centres of commerce of the world, recording the rise and fall of great names, the building and shattering of great fortunes. You take your luncheon-snack, imbibe your "liberal cock-tail" or "gin-fiz," the while the racket of the electric needle is plied in the centre of the room, and dollars rise and fall, roll and circulate, with all the uncertainty and gambling recklessness of the roulette and pharo tables of Saratoga or Long Brand. The rake of the croupier is not seen, the rattle of the balls is not heard. Telegraph wires do not register the fever and the passion, the hope and the despair, the wreck and the ruin, the heated atmosphere, the objurgations, the cry of triumph or of pain, the dark deed, the black record. But in double-ledged type, on the morrow's sunrise, the Press announces to the stricken world that great names have fallen, houses are ruined, homes have been made desolate, a great "boom" is heard which shakes the finances of the country to their very foundations. But what of that! One scale falls, the other kicks the beam. Shakespeare has recorded it as a reproach that a man "hath not speculation in his eye." Speculative ambition is a craving, a passion, a disease in the American. "Speculation" looks you, and everything, through and through in the eye of the young New Yorker. As you speak of a "wine-taster," a "cheese-taster," a "tea-taster," an American may be called a "dollar-taster." He at once sinks his shaft in you for gold, silver, or other not less precious ore. American ambition leads not only to speculation in the dollar, but also to feverish speculation in the land. There is a land-hunger in America as well as in Ireland. Every miner, artisan, saloon keeper, is ambitious to invest his surplus dollars in real estate. An engineer, with the inspiration of genius, strikes a plateau of frontier land. Around is a rich and level country watered with springs and draining runnels, a soil ready to pour out its teeming abundance of cotton, rice, and maize. A ground plan is produced, streets and roads are surveyed, houses are run up. Churches, schools, public buildings, offices, warehouses, all are complete—on paper. As we float a company in speculation, so the foundations of a

frontier town are laid. Investment is invited. Men of enterprise and commerce pour in, the shares are bought up, in two years' time the dream has been realized. The paper town is laid on one side, the ground has been broken, lumber teams are seen labouring with their loads of pine planks and boards. Ice-houses, slaughtering-yards, cotton-compressers follow. In two years' time we have a town of four thousand five hundred inhabitants, a railway depôt, four churches, five taverns, an unknown number of pharo-banks. We have a mayor, aldermen, a Board of Trade, a school-house which cost forty-five thousand dollars. Who will ascribe bounds to such unlimitable, unimaginable resources? "Come let us build a city," cried Major Bucknal, in the untamed woods of Salinas. A few logs, a hammer, a bag of nails, and the thing is done. Six weeks after he began to build, a fellow with an eye for coming customers opened a grog-shop. Drovers and herdsmen came for drams. Dancing-booths followed. English settlers came into the valley looking for sheep-runs, followed by Americans with a scent for corner lots. In less than seven years the Major's cabin on the lake had grown into a city of three thousand souls.

William Hepworth Dixon, that prince of poetical prose writers, opens out a page in his *White Conquest*, sufficient to fire the ambition of any young people. He tells us how in the course of one hundred years, where Wheeling and Cincinnati stand to-day with their schools and churches, railways and manufactories, the adventurer saw the smoke of Indian camp fires, and heard the war-whoop of Indian camps. Red men hunted buffalo on the plains of Indiana, paddled canoes down the Ohio, and snared fish in the tributaries of the Big Drink. Thirty states and territories, each about the size of Spain, have been added to the Republic in these hundred years. In these states and territories there were (1875) forty millions of free citizens, sixty-three thousand churches, with twenty-one million sittings; a hundred and forty-one thousand schools, two hundred and seventy thousand teachers, and more than seven million boys and girls attending school. Spread about these states and territories were fifty-six thousand public libraries, containing nearly twenty million volumes; a hundred thousand private libraries containing nearly twenty-six million volumes. The states and territories produced five thousand eight hundred newspapers, with a yearly issue of fifteen thousand million copies. They are covered by four hundred million of farms,

and these farms were valued at two thousand million pounds sterling. There were seven million five hundred thousand separate families, with seven million separate houses, so that with a few exceptions, every head of a family had a separate home.

During the hundred years of her young life the United States may claim their share in the inventions which have done the most to serve mankind. Setting aside as open to dispute, their claim to the invention of steam-ships and electric wires, the list of inventions and improvements on inventions, is a long and curious document. An American invented the cotton gin. An American invented the rotatory printing press. The apple-parer and knife-cleaner are American. The grass-cutter, the steam mower, and the planing machine are all American. Is not the hot-air engine American? Is not the whole India-rubber business American? One American taught us how to make wool-cards, another to make horse-shoes by machinery. The sand-blast is American, the grain elevator is American. Americans claim the electric magnet, and the artificial manufacture of ice. America has the biggest cataract, and the broadest mountain range in the world, but she has known how to throw a bridge over that cataract and to carry a railway over that mountain range.

Not less striking is the growth of her several capitals, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and more obvious still, Philadelphia. Men living now in Walnut Street remember a time when Philadelphia was not so large as Croydon. She is now bigger than Berlin—nearly as big as New York. Only fifteen years ago she was about the size of Edinburgh. Ten years later she was as big as Dublin. In another ten years she had outgrown Manchester. Fifteen years ago she was ahead of Liverpool. At the present moment Philadelphia is more than equal to Manchester, Liverpool, and Sheffield combined.

In such a record we have the unparalleled growth of the young Republic of the West. Is it wonderful that the consuming fire of ambition should fret and fever its veins? If every French soldier is said to carry the marshal's "baton" in his knapsack, may we not equally say that every American, in his dreams at least, is a millionaire? The rolling prairie is on fire—what individual blade of grass can escape the general conflagration? Who can foretell the unborn possibilities of a pregnant future? America is a land of conquest. I will not say, with Hepworth

Dixon, exclusively of white conquest. The African, the Mongol, the Mexican, the Indian, are now marching in the ranks of the conquerors. The negro aspires to a seat in the Senate. He is Governor of States. In South Carolina the African and his bastard brother, the Mulatto, reign supreme. The Celestial accumulates his fortune, the Red Indian of the Wild West has been metamorphosed, to use Mr. Stead's words, from the "noble-looking savage" to the "close-cropped Christian." The Modoc and the Apache, the Cherokee and the Cheyenne, the Kicapoo and the Chickasan, may stalk through New York city, London, Paris, Berlin, with the same freedom, ease, and independence, as formerly he tracked the coyotte trail or in paint and feathers followed the war-path. It is true a wild and savage race has been overcome and civilized, but the greater conquest, the larger civilization, has been the exploration of primeval and almost impenetrable forests, the reclamation of thousands of miles of prairie land, the fearless navigation of lakes, and rivers, and seas.

American ambition has levelled the mountains, filled the valleys, made the crooked ways straight. Its steam and electricity have contracted trackless bounds. Its steel rails have scaled impassable mountains. Electricity has flashed its message through the great continent with the swiftness of thought. From the "Golden Gate" of California to the "Narrows" of New York Harbour, the genius of American ambition has filled the land with wealth, with beauty, with glory. The American may say with the great Roman Emperor: "I came, I saw, I conquered." The American knows this, sees it, believes it. His soul is filled and thrilled with it. So that when the wild passion of ambition beats upon him, his heart responds with answering chords. He sees around him a great, a wealthy, and a happy land. He sees cities and towns, farm-lands, homesteads, and cattle-ranches; corn-fields, cotton-fields, rice-fields, tobacco plantations, gold-mines, silver-mines—mines not less rich with a more common ore; forges flame around him; he hears the machinery of mill and factory roar; he is living in a land blessed with the temperate zone of the East, the perennial spring gardens of California, the eternal summers of Florida; and above and beyond all this, the unexplored and inexhaustible resources of the mysterious future. No wonder the American is dizzied and intoxicated with his prospects; no wonder that he is full of self-reliance and hope; no wonder is it that "ambition" has become the watchword of

his country, the craving of his nature, the mistress of his heart, the passion of his soul. "Ambition" may be the last infirmity of noble minds, but surely may we say, that of young nations, aspiring peoples, youthful hearts, young longings, it is the heavenly fire and the Divine spark. What nation, people, individual, has achieved great things devoid of the inspiring power?

American ambition assumes various moods and phases as the goal of its achievement. There is first of all the ambition of the "poor man"—poor only in the sense that having one dollar, he is ambitious to multiply it by hundreds—the hundreds by thousands—the thousands, why not? by millions—and the ambition of the youthful dreamer, now a millionaire, is achieved.

Another phase of American ambition is to have a "good time." In my return journey on a White Star liner, I overheard the following conversation—the dialogue being maintained by two young ladies of irreproachable manners and morals: "Shall you be glad when the voyage is over?" "Oh yes! I am quite tired of Byron's

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll.

I wish it *would* roll on." "Should you be glad to remain in England altogether?" "Well, no, the girls there, I guess, don't have a 'good time.'"

However, to visit the "old country" is one of the highest forms of American ambition. For many years after the civil war of Federation, England was held up to the execration of every true and good American. The North hated us for direct and open hostility; the South looked upon us as treacherous "friends," who had betrayed their tenderest and best interests. Now a violent reaction has set in. Hatred and opposition to England have been replaced by the symptoms of the most intense Anglomania—the ultra-New Yorker levelling such barbed shafts of wit and sarcasm at the Anglomaniac as to accuse him of turning up the ends of his trousers in New York because rain happens to fall in London. The American speaks of England as the "old country." The words are often uttered with a softness of expression, a tender radiance in the eye, a "tear in the voice" that denote a world of emotion in the speaker. Every American who is at all "lettered" is familiar with the English classics—Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott. His children talk *David Copperfield*, *Pendennis*, and *Ivanhoe*. Their England



is the England of fiction and romance as portrayed in our great writers. The "old country" is hallowed by time, sanctified by holy memories, mellowed by the three thousand miles of ocean that roll between. People who are living under "Alfred's laws," who speak "Chaucer's tongue," look to England as the Hindoo turns to Mecca. The memories of the grand old Cathedrals are sacred things. An ivy-mantled ruin is to an American the sweetest of reveries.

Americans dream of English spring mornings, English farms and homesteads, the hedge-fenced meadows, our feathered choirs, which to the American dreamer have a special melody, a peculiar sweetness of their own. He dreams of brushing the beaded dew from morning lawns, wandering amongst English blue-bells, buttercups, and daisies, roaming at will through venerable, oak-studded parks and domains, while from the tower of the village church the Sabbath bells peal forth in joyous and silvern melody over meadow, brook, and vale. Certainly, the ambition of the American is to see this "dear old land" again, to tread "old England's" shores before he dies.

There are some Americans whose ambition runs to politics, but many hold themselves aloof from this—one of the noblest and most laudable of all ambitions—by reason of the corruption and general venality which they consider are inseparably associated with the name of American politician. A story is told of a traveller on the Hudson River Railroad, who, as the train neared Albany, said to a somewhat gloomy neighbour: "Going to the State legislatur?" "No, sir," was the answer, "it's not come to that with me yet—only to the State prison."

Some Americans, again, are anxious to have a handle to their names, which once obtained is never relinquished. This weakness, however, has not escaped the scathing sarcasm of the American humourist. Hepworth Dixon is responsible for the following anecdote: "I was crossing Firebaugh ferry," he says, "when the old boatman stopped in the middle of his passage, and inquired my name. 'Mr. Brown,' said I. 'Mister Brown,' said he, resting on his oars, evidently puzzled in his head. 'What name, stranger?' he inquired once more. 'Mr. Brown.' He looked distressed, but I said no more until I stepped on shore and offered him his fare. 'Excuse me, sir,' he cut in, quickly, 'I cannot take your money. Keep it in memory of this remarkable day. Boy and man, I have kept the ferry on the San Joaquin River for twenty-two years, but you are posi-



tively the first person named Mister whom I have had the pleasure to put across." "On that day," pleasantly concludes Mr. Dixon, "I commissioned myself Colonel—Colonel Brown."

Finally, there is one ambition that stirs the heart of every high-souled American—an ambition to which testimony is given by the noble monuments which on every side adorn the land of his adoption or birth. There is, perhaps, no country in the world where we may find nobler traces of Christian principles and Christian practice, Christianity applied, than in the cities and towns of America. America may be called a Christian, but hardly a religious country. The wear and tear of life, the universal strain and press of competition, the struggle for existence, the diversity of secular interests, do not constitute a genial soil for the growth and development of religious sentiment. But in no country is the "Brotherhood of Man"—the dictates of Christian charity, more recognized and realized than in America. Hospitals, asylums, alms-houses, museums, free libraries, are the pride of every town and city, and lavish sums are annually spent in their construction and support.

The

Many thousand cripples too,  
Maimed or in body or in mind  
Misshapen, palsied, feeble, blind,  
The inner and the outer view  
Both warped or shrouded in deep gloom  
Where only haunting spectres loom—

to give all such the "harbour of refuge, the haven of rest" from the slings and arrows of a cold and callous world, ranks highest and best amongst American ambitions.

Their charitable institutions are veritable palaces, competing in wealth of external design and interior comfort with the homes and mansions of the rich. Ladies of wealth devote themselves—their time and money—to assuaging the sicknesses and sorrows of suffering humanity. It is an American's pride to belong to some humane society. The Press rings with appeals for sympathy for the oppressed, the lowly, the fallen. The God of Charity is the God of the American, and to know, serve, love, and worship that is the highest and deepest, the noblest and best of all "American ambitions."

FRANCIS BENEDICT SCANNELL.

### *Dean Church and the Tractarian Movement.*

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THE Newman Literature, which threatens ere long to form a little library of itself, as well as the Newman Society, which has been founded at Oxford in perpetuation of the memory of the great Cardinal, are a clear indication of the permanent influence that he is destined to exercise on English literature and on English society. His Life has been written, and sketched, and analyzed, and admired in books and articles almost without end, by some who were able to appreciate him, and by many more who were not. He has been universally presented as foremost among the men of genius of our day. Those who differed from him most widely have not failed to pay their willing tribute to his lofty aim, his blameless life, his noble character, his unswerving loyalty. Some have made feeble efforts to account for his submission to Rome on other grounds than that of his simple and childlike obedience to the grace of God, which led him on step by step until he entered into the City of God. Others have more wisely passed over in silence the motives which led him to accept with joy a yoke to them unattractive and intolerable. Those who fought at his side the battle of Oxford Tractarianism, but drew back when their leader crossed the Rubicon, have still retained a most intense personal admiration for him, even though they did not see their way to follow him to the end.

Of these last one of the ablest, one whose great ability and high reputation gives him a right to be heard, has left behind him a *History of the Oxford Movement* most valuable both on other grounds, and especially because it brings out into strong relief how Newman was the real author, the life and soul of Tractarianism; how all around him were but pigmies by his side; how even Pusey, to whom in his humility Newman gives the title of the Great (*ὁ μέγας*), and describes as a tower of strength to the cause, was but a very second-rate personage in comparison with him, who was at the same time *choragus* and

*coryphæus*, the leader of all the rest, and himself the chief actor in the play.

Dean Church's book has another point of interest. It is a remarkable confirmation of all that Newman himself has written respecting the Oxford Movement. In reading the *Apologia*, or his *Early Life and Letters* lately published (especially the autobiographical portion of it), it is impossible not to recognize the almost unequalled skill with which Newman draws his own portrait, and describes his own actions, as well as the absence of any sort of bias or prejudice in his view of the events in which he played so prominent a part. There is no self-consciousness, no marked depreciation of himself on the one hand, no self-praise on the other. Was there ever a man who could so go out of himself, so form a just estimate of himself, as did Newman? In the Exercises of St. Ignatius we are advised in making any important choice, to picture to ourselves a stranger whom we desire to help, coming to ask our advice on the very subject in which we ourselves are interested, and we are advised to consider what answer we should make to such a one, and thence to gather the reply most suitable for ourselves. The reason for this method of proceeding is based on the undoubted fact that most men are far better judges in the cause of another than in their own, and that by getting rid of the disturbing element of self, their decision is a more calm and impartial one. But Cardinal Newman, in spite of his strong personal affections, and exquisite sensitiveness, had a natural power of contemplating himself as if he were another man, and his own career as if he were outside of it, that seems almost inexplicable in view of his delicacy of feeling and keen appreciation of kindness and unkindness, and can only be explained when we remark the difference between sensitiveness and susceptibility, and that a mind may be perfectly well balanced and yet acutely sensitive. We might be tempted to think it impossible that there should be no bias in the picture he draws of men who opposed him, and treated him ill, and no exaggeration in his estimate of the merits and demerits of his contemporaries. But the pages of Dean Church's book bear independent witness to the wonderful accuracy of Newman's record, and differ from the pages of the *Apologia* only in that they bring out more clearly the virtues that the Cardinal seeks to hide, and perhaps throw a little more into the shade some of those whom Newman's generous friendship painted in colours rather more

favourable than those which appeared to the eye of the unprejudiced onlooker.

To the Catholic reader it seems passing strange that a man of Dean Church's remarkable talent and noble character could have remained content with the Anglicanism which Cardinal Newman had torn to shreds as a dogmatic creed. It is easy to accuse men who remained where they were of unfaithfulness to grace, and of preferring the good things of this world to the promises of the one to come, and of shrinking from the poverty, humiliations, and sufferings and uprooting of their whole being, that would have been involved in submission to Rome. We have no intention of judging any of them. To one the grace is given that is denied to another, and we have no right to accuse any of disobedience to a voice which perhaps never sounded in their ears. Yet as we read the concluding chapters of Dean Church's book, we can only confess our inability to arrive at any certain solution of the problem. It may be that he was one of those who are less able to follow a premiss to its conclusion and to gather from a series of facts their logical result, than to survey a concrete scene with its mixture of good and evil, and who regards its varied light and shade rather as indications that every form of belief has its strength and weakness, without recognizing in any an exclusive claim to faith. It may be that his own affectionate appreciation of the good points of individuals who represented Anglicanism stood him in stead of any good points which Anglicanism could claim as essentially her own. It may be that this same historical and concrete temper made him unable to separate the abuses to be found in professedly Catholic countries, the carelessness, godlessness, and immorality, from the religion which somehow seemed to him to favour the abuses which prevailed. At all events we can scarcely doubt that he who penned the following sentence cannot be judged as those will be who heard clearly the voice of God calling them to leave all and follow Him. Speaking of the principle which supported those who clung to Anglicanism when Newman, and Oakeley, and Wilberforce, and Ward had quitted it, and which restored to a cause that was supposed to be lost, hope and energy, he says :

It was not the revival of the old *Via Media* : it was not the assertion of the superiority of the English Church ; it was not a return to the old-fashioned and ungenerous methods of controversy with Rome—one-sided in all cases, ignorant, coarse, unchristian in many. It was

not the proposal of a new theory of the Church—its functions, authority, and teaching, a counter-ideal to Mr. Ward's imposing *Ideal*. It was the resolute and serious appeal from brilliant logic, and keen sarcasm, and pathetic and impressive eloquence, to reality and experience, as well as to history, as to the positive and substantial characteristics of the traditional and actually existing English Church, shown not on paper but in work, and in spite of contradictory appearances and inconsistent elements; and along with this, an attempt to put in a fair and just light the comparative excellences and defects of other parts of Christendom, excellences to be ungrudgingly admitted, but not to be allowed to bar the recognition of defects. The feeling which had often stirred, even when things looked at the worst, that Mr. Newman had dealt unequally and hardly with the English Church, returned with gathered strength. The English Church was after all as well worth living in and fighting for as any other; it was not only in England that light and dark, in teaching and in life, were largely intermingled, and the mixture had to be largely allowed for. We had our Sparta, a noble, if a rough and an incomplete one; patiently to do our best for it was better than leaving it to its fate, in obedience to signs and reasonings which the heat of strife might well make delusive. (pp. 346, 347.)

Now this means, if it means anything, that Anglicanism, though illogical in theory, and incapable of an ideal, is nevertheless a system which does not work ill. The writer has, through God's providence, found himself in it, and to it he is tied by strong ties of affection and loyalty, and he sees no sufficient reason for seeking the truth elsewhere. It is the historical argument, and one which has great force with historical minds such as Dean Church's undoubtedly was. It moreover is of interest as representing the position which reflecting Anglicans for the most part occupy in the present day. They regard the historical argument as the one in which their strength is to be found, and when a ruthless logic points to a conclusion different from their own, they will remind the objector that dialectics were declared by one of the greatest Doctors of the Church to be no safe road to Heaven. *Non in dialectica placuit Deo saluum facere populum suum*. We will not condemn them, for those who are accustomed to look at events in the concrete, and to study the motives and actions of the persons who took part in them, are always prone to attach to the principles professed the motives and defects of their professors.

It is thus as an historian, though not as a philosophic historian, that Dean Church paints the picture of the Oxford Movement. His sketch of the state of Anglicanism before

## 28 *Dean Church and the Tractarian Movement.*

Tractarianism woke it to life, and of the two forerunners of the Tractarians, Whately and Arnold, has the advantage of being the work of one who viewed with a favourable eye the previous religious condition of Anglicanism, but nevertheless appreciated intensely, though not fully, the new life that Tractarianism sought to engraft on the unfruitful tree. The Church of England, in 1825, had two distinct forms of Christianity within it. One inherited the traditions of what he calls a "learned and sober" Anglicanism, founded on respectability and common sense, rather than on any distinct religious principle, kindly, moderate, with no high aim, dull, dogmatic, pompous, worldly, and not at all calculated to disturb the tranquillity of an ordinary Englishman who wanted a religion that did not ask too much of him. Side by side with this party was another, which was foreign to Anglicanism, and was the result within the Church of the revival that had given birth to Methodism outside of it. It had a life and energy wanting in the high and dry Anglicanism. It laid great stress on the necessity of a change of heart and on conversion, on trusting to Christ alone and not to our own good works, on a vital religion influencing our whole life, on the danger of worldliness and formalism. Dean Church puts the description of Evangelicalism in a nutshell when he says that "it never seemed to get beyond the 'first beginnings' of forgiveness: it had nothing to say to the long and varied process of building up the new life of truth and goodness."<sup>1</sup> Its founders were excellent men: Wilberforce, Scott, Simeon, Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, and, outside the Anglican Church, Robert Hall. With these two parties was a third, which was then only in the germ, the Liberal or critical school, of whom Frederick Maurice, Arnold, Hampden, Whately, Milman, Blanco White, represented various shades and degrees. This new school rose up against the dull formalism of the old orthodoxy and the narrow pietism of the Evangelicals with equal vehemence. The danger which threatened the Church of England was a serious one.

The time was ripe for great collisions of principles and aims; for the decomposition of elements which had been hitherto united; for sifting them out of their old combinations, and regrouping them according to their more natural affinities. It was a time for the formation and development of unexpected novelties in teaching and practical effort. There was a great historic Church party, imperfectly conscious of its position and responsibilities; there was an active but declining

<sup>1</sup> P. 13.



pietistic school, resting on a feeble intellectual basis and narrow and meagre interpretations of Scripture, and strong only in its circle of philanthropic work ; there was, confronting both, a rising body of inquisitive and, in some ways, menacing thought. To men deeply interested in religion, the ground seemed confused and treacherous. There was room, and there was a call, for new effort ; but to find the resources for it, it seemed necessary to cut down deep below the level of what even good men accepted as the adequate expression of Christianity, and its fit application to the conditions of the nineteenth century. (p. 17.)

The *Christian Year*, published in 1827, was the first note that sounded the advent of the new army. The sermons of Dr. Newman in St. Mary's proclaimed that the new warfare was begun. Not that they were belligerent, on the contrary, they laid stress mainly on personal holiness, their dominant character was "a passionate and sustained earnestness," and a protest against the "worldliness, restlessness, softened and blunted and impaired sense of truth, which reigned in the recognized fashions of professed Christianity," the want of enthusiasm, or depth, or interest, or zeal.

To the Catholic reader the secondary personages of the Oxford Movement have but a very limited interest. Keble lives, and will always live, in the *Christian Year*, but Marriott, H. J. Rose, Copeland, and Isaac Williams, however important in their time, are for us but the minor actors on the stage, whose parts are scarcely of sufficient importance for them to be called before the curtain. Keble, Pusey, and Newman, and perhaps we should add Hurrell Froude, are those who alone have a permanent and abiding interest as the originators of the movement. Keble for his writings and as a sort of Anglican ideal, so far as an ideal is possible for Anglicanism, and Pusey because he deserved to give his name to a new form of heresy, as well as by reason of his intellectual activity.

To these another name was added as time went on, that of W. G. Ward. He had learned the importance of earnestness in religion from Dr. Arnold, but his tendency to throw in his lot with the Rugby school of thought was arrested by his contact with Newman. Newman "subdued and led him captive." After a brief interval of hesitation, he threw himself, heart and soul, into the High Church party. He was no inconsiderable element of strength to it. "He brought to his new side a fresh power of controversial writing ; but his chief influence was a social one, from his bright and attractive con-

versation, his bold and startling candour, his frank, not to say reckless fearlessness of consequences, his unrivalled skill in logical fence, his unfailing good-humour and love of fun."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ward was remarkable for pushing on Tractarianism beyond the position assumed by Mr. Newman in Tract 90. He maintained that the Thirty-nine Articles were not only the offspring of an un-Catholic age, but were themselves un-Catholic, and he answered the charge of dishonest subscription simply by asserting that Evangelicals were involved in similar difficulties in regard of other statements made in the Anglican formularies.

Such an attitude could not be a permanent one. Mr. Ward was not a man to stand still. He soon showed himself in advance of Newman in his religious opinions, enforcing them with a ruthless logic which would give no quarter. His *Ideal of the Christian Church* openly advocated the claims of Rome, and asserted openly the truth of Roman doctrine. Up to this time the school had drawn a careful distinction between Catholic and Roman doctrine; Dr. Ward declared Roman doctrine and Catholic doctrine to be synonymous. He openly declared in his *Ideal* that in subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles he renounced no Roman doctrine. He started (says Dean Church) from the idea that the Anglican and Roman Churches had both departed in many things from the ideal of a Christian Church, and that the former was in England the true representative of the Church Catholic, in spite of many points of inferiority to the Roman. But this theory could not be maintained. It "gradually gave way before his relentless and dissolving logic." In his articles in the *British Critic* his comparison of the two religious bodies was entirely to the disadvantage of the Anglican, which "had just enough good and promise to justify those who had been brought up in it remaining where they were, as long as they saw any prospect of improving it, and till they were driven out."<sup>2</sup> He was considered to be very unfair on the Church of England even by many of those who were themselves advancing towards Catholicity, and he went beyond Newman himself, asserting, in opposition to Newman, who spoke of "outward notes as partly gone and partly going," that he was "*wholly unable* to discern in Anglicanism the outward notes of which Mr. Newman spoke, during any part of the last three hundred years." The character of Mr. Ward was in many respects diametrically opposed to that of Newman. The former

<sup>1</sup> P. 296.      <sup>2</sup> P. 309.

had little sympathy for the essential characteristics of Englishmen, and took a sort of pleasure in exalting foreign ways; whereas the latter was a thorough Englishman in his methods of thought, and had something of the difficulty peculiar to the English in appreciating the excellence of what was "un-English." Mr. Ward was vigorous and unsparing in his logic, and took a fierce delight in forcing an opponent to a distasteful conclusion; whereas Mr. Newman had a delicate and considerate dislike to compelling his adversary to adopt the disagreeable consequences which followed from his premisses. Mr. Ward seemed to regard the blows he struck at Anglicanism as wounds inflicted on an enemy, who held him in bondage. Mr. Newman evinced an intense pain at saying or doing anything that was disparaging and injurious to the system which still claimed his allegiance and loyalty. Mr. Ward was always asking questions and proposing difficulties against the Anglican position with a good-humoured glee which was sometimes most irritating to his perplexed interlocutors; whereas Mr. Newman, himself full of a distress and perplexity far greater than that of any other of the little band who was moving after him in the direction of Rome, shrank from what seemed to him a cruel and unfair method of dragging on the minds of men at a pace to which they were unequal.

Mr. Ward was continually forcing on Newman irresistible inferences, and compelling him to "accept conclusions which he would rather have kept in abeyance, to make admissions which were used without their qualifications, to push on and sanction extreme ideas from which he himself shrank because they were extreme." Dean Church tells us that the result of this was that Mr. Newman had to go at Mr. Ward's "pace, and not his own," and though this is scarcely true, yet Mr. Ward was certainly one of the forces, partly propellent and partly repellent, which contributed to the final resultant of the conversions one by one both of Newman himself and of the rest who took part with him in the Oxford Movement.

We will not attempt to follow Dean Church through his most interesting contribution to the history of Tractarianism. It is easy to find fault with individual passages, and we have no intention of dealing with the book in a spirit of criticism. But there is one sentence which speaks of the turning-point of the history of the movement, and which misrepresents the facts of the case.

Speaking of the respective claims of the Roman and

Anglican Church to represent the early Church, Dean Church describes Mr. Newman as finding in the modern Roman Church almost as many discrepancies from primitive Christianity as in the Anglican, and gives us to understand that the difficulty was solved only by the invention of the theory of Development. "Rome," he says, "was not the same thing as the early Church; and Mr. Newman ultimately sought a way out of his difficulty—and indeed there was no other—in the famous doctrine of Development."<sup>1</sup> Now, it is not true that this doctrine of Development reconciled Newman to Rome. We have it on his own testimony that it was his recognition as pervading the pages of the Fathers, of the Roman and not of the Anglican idea, and of Roman not Anglican doctrine as the faith that they professed.

This is, however, an exception to the deep sympathy which pervades the book, which affords a curious contrast to the unsympathetic and almost frivolous *Reminiscences* of Mr. Mozley. As we read its masterly analysis of character, its deep insight into the religious problems that stirred the minds of men to their depths, its appreciation not only of the beauty and nobility of character of its leaders, but also of the spirit, aim, and object of the movement itself, our wonder at the writer having remained an Anglican renews itself again and again. We may attempt in some degree to account for it, but we must admit that in the end we still regard it as an inscrutable mystery. Perhaps the nearest approach to a solution is given in the following passage, which occurs a few pages before a similar extract that we have given above. After remarking that there were many who, like Isaac Williams, never seemed to feel the influence of the current Romewards, and felt no attraction to the "newer fashions and principles of Rome," steeped as they were in the "ancient theology of an undivided Christendom," he continues in words in which he seems to speak his own convictions—

There were others also, who were forced in afresh upon themselves, and who had to ask themselves why they stayed, when a teacher, to whom they had looked up as they had to Mr. Newman, and into whose confidence they had been admitted, thought it his duty to go. With some the ultimate, though delayed, decision was to follow him. With others, the old and fair *præjudicium* against the claims of Rome, which had always asserted itself against the stringent logic of Mr. Ward and the deep and subtle ideas of Mr. Newman, became, when closed with, and tested face to face in the light of fact and history, the settled conviction of life. (p. 344.)

<sup>1</sup> P. 200.

The whole of this last chapter of the book is tinged with a deep tone of disappointment and melancholy, not indeed expressed, but still to be read between the lines. Dean Church, after a mournful picture of the position of the Tractarians when robbed of their leader, and reduced to the lower level of "Puseyites," attempts to draw hope for the future from the fact that the cause of which Newman despaired passed gradually into the hands of new leaders more widely acquainted with English society, by whose means "its work was carried on to achievements and successes which, even in the most sanguine days of Tractarianism, had not presented themselves to men's minds, much less to their hopes." But when we read among the somewhat mixed assemblage of those who are the builders up of Anglicanism, the names of Archdeacon Manning, the Wilberforces, and Mr. Hope Scott on the one hand, and on the other, Mr. Bennett of Frome, Mr. Beresford Hope, and Mr. Gladstone, we think that even Dean Church can scarcely have regarded as fulfilled within the precincts of Anglicanism the pious prayer with which he concludes his book, "Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory."

Looking at the book as a whole, the chief fault to be found with it is that it is, as a literary production, unfinished. The history of Tractarianism is quite incomplete unless the historian treats of its course of development after the master spirit who created it had deserted the infant of his own creation. The inability of Pusey, Keble, and those who were left behind, to maintain their Oxford influence, the gradual drifting in the direction of Liberalism of the leading intellects in the University, the feeble folk who soon took the foremost place in the ranks of those who had been Tractarians, but gradually subsided into mere Ritualists, the fading away of the dogmatic spirit among the Ritualist leaders, and the gradual growth of the critical spirit, subverting positive belief, and introducing the vague, indefinite, negative theology which is found in *Lux Mundi*—all this is needed to a history of the Oxford Movement. Yet we have to be very thankful to Dean Church for a book which is full of most valuable information, and written in a spirit of intense sympathy with and admiration for the man of might who first attempted to construct, and then ruthlessly threw aside, the Anglican theory.

### *A Riverside Naturalist.*<sup>1</sup>

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To few is it given to see Nature at such close quarters as does the angler. Not only is he led in pursuit of his craft to spots the most favourable for the developments of life, and in which they are the least liable to be disturbed, but the habits which that gentle craft produces in himself tend to make the creatures he encounters less shy of him than of the rest of his race. As he wades leisurely in midstream, plying his noiseless trade, he gradually finds the game of life going on upon the banks very much as if there were no human presence to disquiet it. The rabbits frisk round their burrow, the water-rat swims in the pool, the dipper and the sandpiper flit past or perch hard by, more curious than alarmed; the goldcrest and the various tits perform their acrobatic feats in the bushes at his side, or perhaps a squirrel in a bough over his head,—or a weasel comes to the river's brink to reconnoitre, sitting up on its hind feet and sniffing inquisitively. He may even chance to witness a combat between a stoat and a bunny, or, coming home in the gloaming, get an observation of an otter unaware of his approach. Sometimes he will stumble on a wild-duck's nest, often in the summer-time on the downy little balls of black-fluff as which the young of the water-hen and coot first appear. Resting by the river, or more probably by a tributary brook, he will occasionally have a chance of watching the shy and little known water-shrew, it too a little fluffy ball, which seems to float like a cork on the surface of the water, about which it darts with astonishing rapidity, or, if he is very quiet, he may indulge in a long interview with a kingfisher. He will certainly come across, ever and anon, a rival fisherman in the heron, though it,

<sup>1</sup> *The Riverside Naturalist.* Notes on the various Forms of Life met with either in, on, or by the water, or in its immediate vicinity. By Edward Hamilton, M.D., F.L.S., F.Z.S., author of *Recollections of Fly-Fishing for Salmon, Trout, and Grayling*. Illustrated with numerous woodcuts. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1890.



perhaps because it is a rival, will be less tolerant of his approach than the rest, while with the smaller kinds of water-side birds, the wagtails and the sedge warbler for instance, he may enjoy more intimate familiarity. All this without reference to the creatures with which he is immediately concerned. There are those who declare that the fisherman is no more likely to know anything of the natural history of fish, than is the fox of that of poultry—but he who speaks thus knows nothing of the true angler. For him, more than for any other species of sportsman, his quarry is an object of interest and even of regard. The combat between them is conducted on terms more equal than in other cases; he does not knock his game over merely by holding a tube straight, nor leave the chief share in its capture to his hounds, he must pit his wits against those of his intended victim, with the slenderest possible means to aid him. This being so he must study its ways and habits attentively, if he would circumvent it, while, when it comes to a tussle with a heavy fish, every circumstance of the contest is likely to be impressed for ever upon his memory. "The killing of one partridge," says George Warrington in the *Virginians*, "is so much like the killing of another," but it never can be said that the landing of one trout is but a stereotyped reproduction of previous experiences. The angler will soon be assured that fish differs from fish in craft and resourcefulness, nay, he will sometimes find reason to believe that the denizens of one pool have developed a genius beyond their fellows for foiling his designs; he will notice how knowledge increases with age, contrasting the thoughtless folly of the fry with the obdurate caution of the monarch of the pool. He will know to his cost the strange influence which coming rain has upon the fish, either making them absolutely indifferent to his lures, or causing them to mock his best efforts, pretending to rise at his fly, yet never taking it in earnest. Sometimes he will find them wantonly flapping with their tails at the insects on the surface, destroying what they do not care to eat, and it may be that he will hook one that treats thus unceremoniously his deceitful imitation.

All this and much more must the angler meet,—for nothing has been said of the host of flowers which the cool refreshment of the waterside attracts. It is obvious that an ample field is here presented to the lover of Nature, and it is only wonderful that till now there should have been no attempt to produce a

book dealing specifically with it. It must however soon appear, when we look more closely at the matter, that to produce a satisfactory work on such a subject is a task requiring very special gifts. To write a genuine riverside natural history it is not enough to tell us what is to be seen there, but we should be made to see it aright, to see it as the angler sees it, in a frame of mind akin to his. His is of all pursuits the most genuinely idyllic, and should be told of as an idyl, if it is to be represented aright. But it is given to few to write in such a strain, whence it comes that angling literature, voluminous beyond that of any other sport, comprises so few books which even fishermen can read. The classic work of old Isaak Walton is an idyl, and hence its enduring popularity, notwithstanding its utter uselessness from a didactic point of view; but for the host of his followers what can be said, except that each has failed most conspicuously who has been most ambitious, save those alone who have wisely confined themselves (as for instance Mr. Stewart, of the *Practical Angler*) to the mere giving of rules? And as with the craft itself so is it with its surroundings—the man who shall duly describe them must be to the manner born.

It is scarcely probable that Dr. Hamilton's work will secure lasting success in this department. It tells us indeed about many objects which we shall meet when we go a-fishing, but save for that circumstance there is little that is "riverside" about the book. In the first place his scope is far too wide. It is true that we may meet by the river the house-sparrow, the rook, the blind-worm, and the lizard, but does that fact justify the including of them, and a host of others like them, in such a work? If they be admitted, what should be excluded, for there is no creature that may not be met in such circumstances? The result of this profusion of selection is that the book is a large one, fit only for the library, far too cumbersome to be used out of doors. Moreover, which is far more important, the style of treatment is the very opposite of that which has been described. The fisherman naturalist does not want, as such, to know what Aristotle called the perch, nor what John Hunter discovered as to the muscles of the cock nightingale's larynx, nor about homologous fins. He will be more puzzled than edified to read of "anadromous" fish (which seems to mean no more than "migratory"), or of "the Greek word *καλξθος*, a cup." Yet this is the sort of information

provided for us page after page ; the divisions and subdivisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the descriptions given in previous books, and miscellaneous anecdotes collected from various quarters, constituting the bulk of the volume. The only serious attempt to lighten the subject makes matters worse than ever. There is hardly a page without its bit, or bits, of poetry or verse, and there must be those to whom the first recognition of this feature will act as a scarecrow to warn them at once away.

It will therefore be seen that we do not rank the book very highly. Its information is doubtless sound and scientific, and much that it quotes is excellent as literature ; but all this is not what we want in a riverside naturalist, and of what we do want there is a plentiful scarcity. The author describes little as of himself ; he leaves us unconscious of any freemasonry between him and the world of life with which he deals ; he knows no pass-word to lead us with him into the shrine of Nature's mysteries. And yet the book has been spoken of as one that would transplant the charm of the waterside to the fireside, and help the veteran angler to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.

Dr. Hamilton writes, no doubt, with an excellent motive, that of inducing his angling brethren to observe more of the realm of life around them ; but his book should not be taken as filling a gap that yet remains to fill. With one piece of advice which he gives we thoroughly disagree. He bids the angler take with him a binocular field-glass and a pocket microscope, for purposes of observation. Against these instruments we have not a word to say ; but, if they be taken, let the rod be left at home : to take both will be but to spoil two good things.

There is, however, one feature of the book concerning which the truth must be clearly pointed out. It is described on the title-page as "illustrated with numerous woodcuts." The most cursory examination must cause astonishment at the exceedingly heterogeneous character of these illustrations. The most utterly diverse styles are promiscuously intermingled, nor is there any sort of uniformity of scale. In some instances the plates protrude on either side beyond the lines of print, in which at other times they are comfortably embedded. To those who have any acquaintance with books on kindred subjects the explanation will very soon be apparent : these plates are old friends, the blocks of which have been gathered

together from different quarters, to do duty once again. Many of the birds are simply copied from Bewick; in other instances—and these the most noteworthy—use has been made of the sketches by P. Robert, engraved for Mr. Bowdler Sharpe's *Birds in Nature*. Of the fishes, the majority appeared so long ago as 1824, in Major's edition of the *Compleat Angler*. Nor have these materials been always used with due understanding. On page 129, for instance, we have a picture of the marsh tit, the pose of which must at once strike the observer as odd and incomprehensible. Turning to *Birds in Nature* (p. 38), we find that the plate has been printed upside down: the bird was meant to be hanging, back downwards, from a twig, in what is described as "a very characteristic attitude," but it is represented as standing on tiptoe, and with a general tendency of its parts to go upwards, quite at variance with the laws of gravitation. Again, on page 222, we are given a picture as of the roach what is really the dace, and an inspection of the original whence it is borrowed (p. 219) will show not only that a mistake has been made, but how it came to be made.

In fine, therefore, though Dr. Hamilton's work indicates a very fascinating field of work for the lover of Nature, it leaves that field, for all practical purposes, unoccupied, and serves no purpose so well as to warn future workers how not to set about its cultivation.

J. G.

## *The Early Fathers and the Christian Altar.*

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"We have an altar whereof they have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle."—*Heb. xiii. 10.*

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Is there to be found, in the pages of the New Testament, any clear and explicit reference to the Holy Eucharist *as a sacrifice*? At first sight it would appear as if nothing could be plainer than the text which stands at the head of this article.<sup>1</sup> It is a mere truism—in Greek, an etymological truism—to say that an altar (*θυσιαστήριον*) supposes a sacrifice (*θυσία*), and *vice versa*. And the implied assertion that we, *i.e.* Christians, eat of the offering laid upon this altar, would seem to put it beyond the possibility of doubt that the altar in question is that whereon the Eucharistic elements are consecrated. Moreover, this interpretation is strongly confirmed by a comparison of the passage with 1 Cor. x. 14—21, where the Holy Eucharist is compared and contrasted, directly with the sacrificial meats of heathendom, indirectly with those of the levitical dispensation.<sup>2</sup>

Yet Catholic commentators have been by no means unanimous in ascribing to Heb. xiii. 10 an Eucharistic significance. St. John Chrysostom, in his commentary on the verse, makes no allusion to the Holy Eucharist. St. Thomas Aquinas explicitly declares that the "altar" here spoken of is either the Cross of Christ or else our Blessed Lord Himself. And he is followed by Estius and others. Still, the more common opinion among Catholic writers has been that which sees in the words

<sup>1</sup> Of course it is not intended to imply that this is the only passage in the New Testament in which reference is made to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. But it is in connection with this text that the statements have been made concerning Patristic references to the Eucharistic altar which it is the purpose of the following pages to examine and discuss.

<sup>2</sup> "Behold Israel according to the flesh, are not they that eat of the sacrifices partakers of the altar?" And again: "You cannot drink the chalice of the Lord and the chalice of devils: you cannot be partaker of the table of the Lord and the table of devils." The levitical altar is called the "table" of the Lord in Ezech. xli. 22 and Mal. i. 12.

of the Apostle a clear and explicit reference to the bloodless Sacrifice of the New Dispensation. Nor does it seem that there is any adequate reason for doubting the soundness of this exegesis.

Such, however, is not the opinion of the very distinguished author of a recent commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. In a learned and interesting Excursus on the passage in question, the Bishop of Durham (then Canon Westcott) maintains the position that no mention of the Eucharistic altar is to be found in any Christian writing earlier than the closing years of the second century.<sup>1</sup> And the inference is drawn, or at least implied, that the Apostle, in Heb. xiii. 10, must not be understood to allude to an Eucharistic sacrifice.<sup>2</sup> Now with the lawfulness of this inference I am not at present concerned. But the statement concerning the early Fathers of the Church, supported as it is by the very weighty authority of the Bishop's predecessor in the see of Durham, the late Dr. Lightfoot,<sup>3</sup> appears to me of sufficient interest and importance, and I may add sufficiently startling, to call for a somewhat close scrutiny. It will be my endeavour to make the question clear and intelligible to the general reader, and at the same time, by means of definite references, to render the discussion useful to the ecclesiastical student.

And in the first place it may be well to remark that even if no mention of an altar could be found in the extant Christian writings of the first two centuries, this would hardly be a matter for wonder. Not only are the literary remains which have come down to us from that remote age extremely scanty, but there were reasons why a special reticence should be observed concerning the Eucharistic Sacrifice, especially in works addressed,

<sup>1</sup> *The Epistle to the Hebrews*, with Notes and Essays by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D. &c. (London, 1889.) "In this first stage of Christian literature there is not only no example of the application of the word *θυσιαστήριον* [altar] to any concrete, material object, as the Holy Table, but there is no room for such an application." (p. 456.) "In Irenæus there appears to be a transition from the spiritual sense of *θυσιαστήριον* to that of an earthly Christian altar." (p. 458.) "The writings of Cyprian mark a new stage in the development of ecclesiastical thought and language." (*Ibid.*)

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the Holy Eucharist as a *sacrament* is not denied. (p. 438*b*.) It is explicitly asserted in the same writer's *Christus Consummator* (London, 1886), pp. 70—72.

<sup>3</sup> *The Apostolic Fathers*. Part II. *St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp* (London, 1885), vol. ii. pp. 43, 123, 169, and more especially p. 258: "It would be an anachronism to suppose that Ignatius by the 'altar' . . . means the 'Lord's table.'"



like those of the Apologists of the second century to Pagans or Jews. On no subject was the "Discipline of the Secret" (*disciplina arcani*, the *silentii fides* of Tertullian) more jealously enforced from the earliest times.<sup>1</sup> St. Paul's words as he approaches the subject, "I speak as to wise men, judge what I say,"<sup>2</sup> reminds us of the customary formulæ which we meet with in the Fathers of the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, when they have occasion to touch upon matters on which it was not wise or lawful to enlarge in presence of a mixed congregation, and especially upon this most sacred of all the Christian mysteries.<sup>3</sup> Philo, in an interesting fragment recovered by Cardinal Pitra, insists upon the cautions to be observed before the sacrificial observances of the Jews are to be communicated to proselytes.<sup>4</sup> And the accusations made against the early Christian, that they practised human sacrifices and indulged in Thyestean repasts,<sup>5</sup> while on the one hand they afford an unmistakable though indirect testimony to the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, on the other hand made caution in the use of sacrificial terms a matter of imperative necessity.

<sup>1</sup> "Ex formâ," says Tertullian, "omnibus mysteriis silentii fides debetur." (*Apol.* i. 7.) Dr. Peters (in Kraus' *Real-Encycl.* s.v. *Arcans-disciplin*) points out that Justin Martyr excuses himself for being so outspoken on the subject of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist (*Apol.* i. 61), subjects on which, as he well knew, silence was the rule. Schelstrate (*De Disciplina Arcani*, p. 7) notes the difference between the language of St. John Chrysostom writing to Innocent the First concerning an outrage at Constantinople ("the most holy Blood of Christ," he says, "was spilled in presence of the uninitiated"), and that of Palladius in recounting the same incident ("the symbols were scattered"). Chrysostom is addressing the Pope, Palladius the public—to whom such mysteries were not to be unveiled.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. x. 15.

<sup>3</sup> "He who has been initiated in the mysteries knows well both the flesh and the blood of the Word of God. Let us not therefore dwell on those things which are known to the instructed, and which cannot be comprehended by the ignorant." And again, "But I must not treat further of these matters [the Eucharistic mysteries], since it suffices that I be understood by the mere act of your memory." (Origen, *Hom. in Lev.* ix. 10, xiii. 3.) "The initiated know the virtue of this chalice, ye too [the catechumens] shall shortly know it." (Cyrill. Hier. *Cat. i. ad Illuminandos*.) The formula, "The initiated know what I mean," or the like, occurs, says Schelstrate, more than fifty times in the writings of St. John Chrysostom, and hardly less frequently in those of St. Augustine. For some of the above references, and for some of those which follow, I am indebted to Waterworth's *Faith of Catholics*, vol. iii. s.vv. *Discipline of the Secret*, *Eucharist*, *Sacrifice of the Mass*.

<sup>4</sup> "Not everything is to be communicated to all men either by word or by sign, especially in things sacred. . . . Let them give a trustworthy pledge, lest on being admitted to the sacred table, they behave after the manner of unruly boys." (E lib. i. *Quest. in Exod.*; *Analecta Sacra*, ii. 307, 308.)

<sup>5</sup> Justin, *Apol.* i. 1; Athenag. *Legat. pro Christ.* iii. xxxv.; Tatian, *Orat. c. Græc.* xxv.; Tertull. *Apol.* ii. iii.; and later writers.

## 42 *The Early Fathers and the Christian Altar.*

But whatever conclusions might or might not legitimately be drawn from the absence of all mention of a Christian altar at an earlier date than the close of the second century, our business is, in the first instance, with a question of fact. Is it true that the altar, the actual material altar of wood or stone, is never mentioned by the earlier Fathers of the Church? With every respect for the great learning and consummate scholarship of Dr. Westcott and Dr. Lightfoot, I shall endeavour to show that this is by no means the case.

And first I would call the reader's attention to a chapter from the *Didaché*, or "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," a very ancient tract, which carries us back at least to the earlier half of the second century. The fourteenth chapter of the *Didaché* runs as follows :

And on the Lord's day gather ye together and break bread and give thanks (εὐχαριστήσατε) ; after first confessing your transgressions, in order that your sacrifice may be pure. But whosoever hath a difference with his fellow, let him not come together with you until they be reconciled, that your sacrifice be not profaned. For this is that [sacrifice] of which it was spoken by the Lord : At every place and time, bring Me a pure sacrifice ; for a great King am I, and My name is wonderful among the nations.<sup>1</sup>

From these words, so clear and explicit, especially when read in the light of the ninth chapter (on the celebration of the Holy Eucharist) and in that of later liturgical literature, it is clear beyond all possibility of reasonable doubt that the sacrificial character of the Sacred Mysteries was fully recognized in the Church from the earliest times. The fortieth chapter of the Epistle of St. Clement of Rome to the Corinthians has often been adduced to establish the same truth. But as the Eucharistic Oblation is, as it seems to me, rather implied than explicitly referred to in that place, it may be sufficient to give the passage at the foot of the page, and to rest my argument mainly on the words which I have just quoted from the *Didaché*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The concluding words are a free rendering of Mal. i. 11. In the text I have followed Funk's reading of προεξομολογήσαντες for προσεξ. But the sense is not materially altered whichever reading be adopted. It may be added that De Rossi finds in the guarded language of the *Didaché* about the Liturgy an unmistakable instance of the "Discipline of the Secret."

<sup>2</sup> "Forasmuch then as these things are manifest [viz. the duty of union and due subordination to ecclesiastical authority], . . . we ought to do all things in order, as

Given, then, that the Church from its very infancy recognized in the Holy Eucharist a true sacrifice, and saw the prophecy of Malachy therein fulfilled, it surely follows that a word to designate the Eucharistic altar must also have been from the very outset in common use. And even if this were not conceded, it were at any rate unreasonable to question that such a word where it does occur is to be understood as designating a material altar in actual existence—the correlative of an actual daily or weekly sacrifice—unless the context be such as to demand a figurative or “spiritual,” or again a historical interpretation.

Putting aside three instances in which reference is explicitly made to the history or ordinances of the Old Testament,<sup>1</sup> there are eight other passages within the small compass of the writings of the Apostolic Fathers in which the word “altar” (*θυσιαστήριον*) occurs. Of these instances, four may be very briefly dismissed as not being to our purpose. Twice in the “Shepherd” of Hermas an altar is spoken of, which, conformably with the apocalyptic character of the book, has its site not on earth but in Heaven.<sup>2</sup> It is the altar to which the prayers of men are brought (in allusion to Apoc. viii. 3), and whereon the heart or conscience of man is tried. Again, St. Polycarp speaks of the class of Christian widows as the altar whereon the alms of the faithful are laid; and St. Ignatius calls the arena of the

many as the Master hath commanded us to perform at their appointed seasons. Now the offerings and ministrations He appointed to be performed with care, and not to be done rashly or in disorder, but at fixed times and seasons. And where and by whom He would have them performed, He Himself fixed by His supreme will, that all things being done with piety according to His good pleasure, might be acceptable to His will. They therefore that make their offerings at the appointed seasons are acceptable and blessed; for while they follow the institutions of the Master, they cannot go wrong. For unto the high-priest his proper services have been assigned, and to the priests their proper office [*τόπος*, place] is appointed, and upon the levites their proper ministrations are laid. The layman is bound by the layman's ordinances,” (*Ad Cor.* xl. Lightfoot's translation.) Cf. *Ibid.* xlv., where a Bishop is spoken of as having “blamelessly and holily offered the gifts of his office (*τὰ δῶρα τῆς ἐπισκοπῆς*).” It is the offerings of the laity which are directly spoken of in ch. xl. But the language used, at least when taken in conjunction with what we know of the Eucharistic ordinance as the centre of Christian worship, implies another offering, of a higher kind than these gifts of the laity, a truly sacrificial oblation which it was the duty of the Bishop and his clergy to solemnize (*ἐπιτελεῖν*), and to which an allusion is perhaps to be found in the words quoted from ch. xlv. Moreover, the comparison of the Jewish High Priest with the Christian Bishop implies that the latter offers a sacrifice not less real, and more perfect in kind, than the Jewish Pontiff.

<sup>1</sup> Clem. *1 ad Cor.* xxxii. ; Barnabas vii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Hermas, *Mand.* x. 3; *Sim.* viii. 2.

#### 44 *The Early Fathers and the Christian Altar.*

Flavian amphitheatre the altar whereon his own life is to be offered in sacrifice.<sup>1</sup>

The remaining four passages call for a more particular examination. It may be worth while to take them seriatim and consider them with special reference to the comments of the late and of the present Bishop of Durham. They all occur in the Epistles of St. Ignatius of Antioch. (1) Writing to the Ephesians, he says :

Let no man be deceived. If any one be not within the precinct of the altar (*ἐντὸς τοῦ θυσιαστηρίου*) he lacketh the bread [of God].<sup>2</sup>

There can be no doubt that in this place *θυσιαστήριον* denotes not the altar itself but, as Dr. Lightfoot has rightly rendered it, the place or precinct in which the altar stands, the sanctuary. But an altar-place implies an altar, and Dr. Lightfoot is surely very wide of the mark when he says that "St. Ignatius does not here refer to 'a literal altar,'" and that "the reference is to the plan of the [Jewish] tabernacle or temple" with its "court of the congregation, the precinct of the altar, as distinguished from the outer court." Can any unprejudiced reader suppose that, coupled with the mention of "the bread," or "the bread of God," a true sacrificial food as the Christians to whom he wrote well understood it to be, we have here not a simple straightforward mention of the actual Christian sanctuary, with its actual sacrificial table, but a somewhat pointless allusion to the Jewish "court of the congregation"? I say a somewhat pointless allusion, because, on Dr. Lightfoot's hypothesis, this enclosure is referred to, not primarily as a place of sacrifice, but as the meeting-place of Israel. "The man," he says, interpreting the words of St. Ignatius, "who separates himself from the assembly of the faithful, lawfully gathered about its bishop and presbyters, excludes himself as it were from the court of the altar and from the spiritual sacrifices of the Church." Why "as it were"? and why from "the spiritual sacrifices of the Church"? seeing that the Eucharistic reference is so clear and definite. Similarly Dr. Westcott: "The *θυσιαστήριον*—the place of sacrifice—is evidently the place of assembly of the spiritual Israel, where the faithful meet God in worship, like the altar-court of the old Temple, the court of the congregation. He who has no place

<sup>1</sup> Polycarp, *Phil.* iv. ; Ignatius, *Rom.* ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ephes.* v. (Dr. Lightfoot's translation.)

within this sacred precinct is necessarily excluded from the privileges which belong to the Divine Society. He cannot share in the sacrifices which are offered there, the common prayer of the Church, or in 'the bread of God' which is thereby brought to believers." But again I ask, why this roundabout and misleading paraphrase of a perfectly simple statement? *He who is without the sanctuary*, says St. Ignatius, *is deprived*, not in vague and general terms, of "the privileges which belong to the Divine Society" nor of "the common prayer of the Church, or [of] 'the bread of God' which is thereby brought to believers," but simply, and without ambiguity or alternative, "*of the bread of God.*" It is true that this simple statement appears at first sight somewhat abruptly to interrupt the context in which it occurs. But a little attention is enough to show the careful reader that the holy martyr is using a familiar illustration by way of comparison. His argument, implied rather than expressed, is that *as* a man who is without the precinct of the altar of necessity comes short of (*ὕστεραίαι*) the consecrated Eucharistic Bread which is there distributed, *so* he who separates himself from the bishop and clergy cuts himself off from the blessings which belong to the united Church. The words about the Holy Eucharist occur in the midst of a chapter in which the Saint is engaged in exhorting the Ephesians to union and to submission to their Bishop. That it should be so is not wonderful, since this crowning mystery of our religion has at all times been the centre, the pledge, the symbol of Christian unity. But the position of this single Eucharistic sentence in the midst of such a context, so far from being a reason for explaining away its plain and obvious meaning, serves rather to reveal how near to the hearts of those primitive Christians lay the mystery to which reference is thus abruptly and almost parenthetically made.

But Dr. Lightfoot objects that "the literal interpretation will not stand here, because the place for the Christian laity would not be ἐντὸς τοῦ θυσιαστηρίου," *i.e.*, within the sanctuary or altar-precinct. An unfortunate objection surely; for it assumes a technical and exclusive Christian sense of the term "altar-precinct" to be familiar to the persons addressed, who could therefore only understand the Saint to say that he who is, either literally or figuratively, outside of an enclosure which (by the hypothesis) he had no right to enter, is excluded from the most valued privilege of the fellowship of the Church. It is quite

#### 46 *The Early Fathers and the Christian Altar.*

true that "the place for the laity" would not be within the sanctuary, so long as they were engaged in the "spiritual sacrifices" of prayer. But it is equally true that in order to receive that "bread of God" of which St. Ignatius speaks, it is precisely the sanctuary which they would have to enter, or at least to approach. For so it is expressly laid down in that very book of the *Apostolical Constitutions* to which Dr. Lightfoot appeals in confirmation of his interpretation of the word *θυσιαστήριον*.

After this let the sacrifice be performed, the whole people standing and praying in silence, and when it has been offered, let each rank by itself (*καθ' ἑαυτήν*) receive the Lord's Body and His Precious Blood, approaching each in its order (*ἐν τάξει*) and with reverence and fear, as to the body of a king; but let the women approach with veiled head as becomes their station (*ὡς ἀμύλλει γυναῖκων τάξει*).<sup>1</sup>

(2) In the Epistle to the Trallians these words occur :

He that is within the sanctuary (*θυσιαστήριον*, altar-place) is clean, but he that is without the sanctuary is not clean, that is, he that doeth aught without the bishop and presbytery and deacons, this man is not clean in his conscience. (c. vii.)

To this passage Dr. Lightfoot appeals as determining the sense of the one already quoted. And Dr. Westcott says: "The idea of the Christian *θυσιαστήριον* is here more exactly defined. To be within the sacred precinct is to be in fellowship with the lawfully organized society." Again I venture to dissent from the Bishop's interpretation. The words of St. Ignatius imply a comparison. As uncleanness is a cause of exclusion from the sanctuary, so it is the effect of separation from ecclesiastical unity. The only question which arises is whether the sanctuary to which allusion is made be the Jewish or the Christian. And instead of Trall. vii. being understood to determine the meaning of Ephes. v., it would seem more to the purpose to use the clear and explicit language of Ephes. v. to explain the comparatively obscure and ambiguous expressions of Trall. vii.

(3) In the letter to the Magnesians we read :

Hasten to come together all of you as to one temple, even God;<sup>2</sup> as to one altar even to one Jesus Christ, who came forth from One Father and is with One, and departed unto One. (c. vii.)

<sup>1</sup> *Const. Ap.* ii. 57, al. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Reading Θεοῦ for Θεόν.



Here again the language is in itself ambiguous. The allusion might well have been to the Jewish altar or altar-court, if there had not been another altar nearer at hand, the altar of the Christian Eucharist.

(4) But explicit beyond, as might have been thought, the possibility of mistake, are the words of St. Ignatius to the Philadelphians :

Be ye careful, therefore, to observe one Eucharist (for there is one flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ and one cup unto unison in His Blood ; there is one altar, as there is one bishop, together with the presbytery and the deacons my fellow-servants) that whatsoever ye do ye may do it after God. (c. iv.)

How is this passage treated by Dr. Westcott and Dr. Lightfoot? The former prefaces it by telling us that the meaning of "altar" here is determined by its use in the passages given and discussed above. And then, having quoted (in Greek) the words themselves, he thus sums up their purport. "There is one organized congregation, which is the Body of Christ in which the blessings of communion with God are realized." And Dr. Lightfoot contents himself with saying, "It would be an anachronism to suppose that Ignatius by the 'altar' here means the 'Lord's table.'" It certainly would be "an anachronism" to suppose that St. Ignatius here means what Anglican Bishops understand by the "Lord's table." But seriously, this mode of argument is hardly worthy of so illustrious a scholar as the late Bishop of Durham. It is no less an anachronism to post-date than to antedate a dogma ; and in view of the teaching of St. Clement and of the *Didachê* on the sacrificial character of the Eucharist, it is an arbitrary proceeding to separate the "altar" of St. Ignatius from the Eucharist with which he twice so closely connects it. "The absurdity of the spiritual interpretation of the 'altar' here," says a contemporary Catholic writer, "follows from this, that the flesh of Christ is material, and the cup is material, and the Bishop is material ; it is incredible, therefore, that a spiritual altar should be thrust in among these material objects."<sup>1</sup>

But it would be a mistake to suppose that we can fully understand the meagre literary remains of the Apostolic Fathers without taking account of the testimony of ecclesiastical writers of a somewhat later date. What then is the witness, as regards

<sup>1</sup> "Latris," in *The Antidote*, May 20, 1890, p. 123*a*.

48 *The Early Fathers and the Christian Altar.*

our present subject, of Justin and Irenæus, of Tertullian and Cyprian, of Clement of Alexandria and of Origen? Some indeed of these Fathers belong to the third century. But they were not modern Anglicans, fain to stretch and to shape, with the changing humours of the time, the elastic doctrines of a comprehensive ecclesiastical Establishment. They were not men who would have regarded it as a matter of indifference, an open question, whether the Eucharist, which was the source of their strength under persecution, were or were not a true sacrifice. They were men with whom reverence for tradition was a first, a guiding principle; men who believed the Church to be in real earnest the "pillar and ground of truth;" who regarded her doctrines as a sacred deposit, and who in dealing with these doctrines set themselves to enunciate, not their own "views" and opinions, but that which had been handed down to them from Apostolic times; men, therefore, whose words are not lightly to be understood as "marking a transition" in the history of dogma, but rather as bearing witness to the belief of an age prior to their own.

Now in reference to the testimony of these Fathers the following points may be noted.

1. The belief in our Eucharistic sacrifice implies a recognition of the Eucharistic altar, but it does not necessarily imply the *mention*, much less the frequent mention, of an altar. Thus, the teaching of St. Justin and St. Irenæus on the sacrificial character of the Holy Eucharist is not only clear and explicit, but is set forth at considerable length.<sup>1</sup> Yet Justin nowhere uses the word "altar," and Irenæus mentions it twice only, and in an incidental manner.<sup>2</sup> Tertullian alludes to the Holy Sacrifice some five or six times. But it is only once that he mentions the Eucharistic altar with quite unmistakable explicitness.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Justin, *Dial.* 41, 117; Iren. *Har.* iv. 17, 18, al. 32—34.

<sup>2</sup> "Sacerdotes autem sunt omnes Domini Apostoli, qui neque agros neque domos hæreditant *sed semper altari et Deo serviunt.*" (*Har.* iv. 8, al. 20.) "Sicut igitur non his indigens [*scil.* eleemosynis] vult tamen a nobis propter nos fieri; ita id ipsum Verbum populo præceptum [*dedit*] faciendarum oblationum quamvis non indigeret eis, ut disceret Deo servire; sic et ideo *nos quoque offerre vult munus ad altare* frequenter sine intermissione." (*Ibid.* 18, al. 34.) The preceding context makes it clear that the *munus* here spoken of is the Eucharistic oblation.

<sup>3</sup> "Similiter et stationum diebus non putant plerique sacrificiorum orationibus interveniendum, quod statio solvenda sit, accepto corpore Domini. [The "station" as we learn from Hermas (*Sim.* v. 1) involved the observance of a fast. These Christian Pharisees feared to break their fast by receiving the Holy Communion.] Ergo devotum Deo obsequium Eucharistia resolvit? An magis Deo obligat? Nonne solemnior erit statio tua si et ad aram Dei steteris." (*De Orat.* xix. al. xiv.)

Clement of Alexandria, in very guarded language, refers in several places to the Holy Sacrifice, but he nowhere makes mention of the material altar whereon that sacrifice was offered. Nor is this to be wondered at, for he takes credit to himself for having so performed his task "as to render the discovery of the holy traditions no easy matter for the uninitiated."<sup>1</sup> Origen, whose references to the Eucharistic sacrifice are clear and explicit, speaks of the altar, so far as I can ascertain, in three places only.<sup>2</sup> St. Cyprian mentions it six times;<sup>3</sup> but if we compare the bulk of his writings with that of the Ignatian Epistles, we shall probably come to the conclusion that, so far from St. Irenæus "marking a transition" from the "spiritual" altar of Ignatius to the material altar of Cyprian, the material altar is, relatively speaking, less prominent in the writings of Cyprian than in those of the Martyr-Bishop of Antioch. And there is little doubt that if the examination were continued through the whole series of the later Fathers, and I may add, through the works of modern Catholic theologians, the result would be similar. While their recognition of the altar is beyond question, the occasions on which they actually mention it will be found to be few and far between.

<sup>1</sup> *Strom.* viii. p. 886.

<sup>2</sup> "When thou shalt see the Gentiles enter into the faith, churches raised, and altars not sprinkled with the blood of beasts, but hallowed (*consecrari*) with the precious blood of Christ, . . . then say that Jesus . . . hath received and gained the principedom; not Jesus the son of Nave [Josue] but Jesus the Son of God." (*Hom. in Jos. ii. 1.*) "We are taught that if there be some whose faith goes no further than this—to come to church, to bow the head, . . . to contribute something to the adornment of the altar or of the church, but who do not take care to amend their lives, . . . such persons are to know," &c. (*Ibid. x. 3.* Cf. *Hom. in Num. xi. 2.*) Origen's cautious answer when Celsus contemptuously alleges that the Christians have no altars is noteworthy. Mindful at once of truth and of the obligation of reticence, he neither denies nor affirms that the Christians have altars, but evades the question by reminding Celsus that the heart of every just man is an altar in the sight of God. (*C. Cels. viii. 17.*)

<sup>3</sup> "But the Holy Spirit . . . setting forth beforehand a type of the Divine sacrifice (*dominici sacrificii*) makes mention of a victim immolated, and of bread and wine, nay, and of the altar, also, and of the Apostles." (*Ep. lxiii. p. 105.*) "On every side the smoke arises from the flesh of victims . . . while the altars of God are either abolished or concealed (*vel nulla sunt vel occulta*)." (*Ad Demetr. p. 220.*) Certain letters, he says in another place, ought neither to be read nor listened to in an assembly of the faithful "*considentibus Dei sacerdotibus et altari posito*." (*Ep. xlii. p. 56.*) Finally, he speaks of one who is separated from the unity of the Church as "an enemy of the altar, a rebel against the sacrifice of Christ," and as "daring to set up another altar . . . and to profane the truth of the Divine Host (*dominici hostie*) by fictitious sacrifices." (*De Unit. Eccl. p. 200.*) The same idea is expressed in two other places. (*Ep. xl. p. 53; Ep. lxxv. p. 113.*)

2. The full recognition of the material altar which confronts us in the works of the Fathers whom I have named, and of those of a later date, by no means excludes various figurative and derivative uses of the same word. The heart of the faithful believer is the altar whereon is offered the sacrifice of prayer. So say Origen and St. Augustine. The Christian virgin is for St. Ambrose in the fourth century what the Christian widow is for St. Polycarp in the second, a living shrine with its altar of spiritual sacrifice. And the heavenly altar whereto the prayers of the just are brought is recognized no less in the Roman liturgy of to-day than in the "Shepherd" of Hermas. The Jewish ritual had its altar of incense in addition to its altar of whole-burnt offerings, and the prophecy of Malachy speaks of incense as accompanying the spotless, unbloody sacrifice of the New Dispensation. This incense the seer of the Apocalypse has interpreted for us,<sup>1</sup> and the Fathers of the Church were not at a loss to understand that the bloodless sacrifice of the Eucharist must be accompanied by the incense of prayer.

3. There is another aspect of the language of the Fathers in this connection which calls for more than a passing notice. They not unfrequently speak of the alms of the faithful in language which seems to imply that they recognized in them a truly sacrificial character. It is this manner of speaking which has led Dr. Lightfoot to write, in reference to a passage from St. Clement of Rome which has been quoted at the foot of a former page: "The sacrifices, offerings, and gifts, therefore, are the prayers and thanksgivings, the alms, the Eucharistic elements, the contributions to the agape, and so forth."<sup>2</sup> A more careful examination of the source from which he seeks for confirmation of his view would have shown him that this language, in which "the Eucharistic elements" are thrust in as if they were on the same level with "alms, . . . contributions to the agape, and so forth" is misleading. He refers to a series of passages in the second book of the *Apostolical Constitutions*. But he has apparently failed to perceive that the writer of these passages is, for the moment, concerned with the functions of the laity in relation to the Liturgy; and that the language which the same writer employs when he comes to speak of the truly sacrificial act of the officiating Bishop, is of an altogether different degree of solemnity. *His* act, the act of consecration,

<sup>1</sup> Apoc. viii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> On Clem. i *ad Cor.* xlv.

*The Early Fathers and the Christian Altar.* 51

is *the* sacrifice *par excellence*; the gifts of the faithful are sacrificed in an inferior and relative sense. And what sacrificial character they have is derived from their connection, in varying degrees of closeness, with the great central act of true sacrifice."<sup>1</sup> This quasi-sacrificial aspect of the gifts of the laity survives to the present day in the "offertory" made by the faithful after the Gospel of the parish Mass. This is a subject on which it would be easy to enlarge, but I have perhaps said enough to set before the reader, as fully as the space at my disposal allowed, the teaching of the Fathers of the first three centuries on the Christian altar.

HERBERT LUCAS.

<sup>1</sup> Justin Martyr sets in a sufficiently clear light the relation of almsgiving and of prayer to the Eucharistic sacrifice. (*Apol.* i. 66; *Dial.* 117.)

## *François Robinet de Plas.*

SAILOR AND JESUIT.<sup>1</sup>

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FRANÇOIS ROBINET DE PLAS was born at Puycheni, in the department of La Charente, on the 6th of December, 1809. The estate of Puycheni had always belonged to the de Plas, but it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that it became the property of the branch of the family with which we are now concerned. The old manor-house, where Francis was born, and in the chapel of which he was baptized, could not boast the vast dimensions and imposing front of an ancient feudal castle, nor did it offer to the eye the exterior embellishments and interior elegances of a modern country-seat. But it was very dear to those the home of whose ancestors it had been for generations, and many were the pleasant memories and traditions of bygone days which lingered around its grey walls and red-tiled roof, its ivy-clad terraces, and old-fashioned pleasure grounds.

Francis' father was an officer of distinction in the army of de Condé, and aide-de-camp to the Comte de Périgord. When, in 1802, the fury of the Revolution having subsided, he returned to France, M. de Plas was agreeably surprised to find that Puycheni, thanks to the tact and courage displayed by his sister, had not only escaped destruction, but had been preserved from touch of harm, whilst neighbouring estates had been sold or wrecked by the populace. Thither, therefore, he brought the bride he had just married, Mdlle. Aurore de Castelnau de Laloubière, and there in the utmost tranquillity and seclusion, the early years of the children with whom God blessed their union were spent. Madame de Plas, the orphaned daughter of an *émigré* who had suffered severely in the Revolution, was one of those *femmes d'élite*, now rarely met with. Highly gifted as she was in heart and mind, her attractions were enhanced by the exquisite charm of perfect

<sup>1</sup> *Marin et Jésuite. Vie et Voyages de François de Plas.* Par le R. P. Mercier, S.J. Two vols. Paris: Retaux-Bray, 1890.



breeding which characterizes the old French aristocracy, and she knew how to combine the diligent fulfilment of the duties of a wife and mother with the exercise of the highest Christian virtues.

Francis was the youngest but one of seven children, two girls and five boys. The reminiscences of the eldest daughter afford a glimpse of the happy life, almost patriarchal in its primitive simplicity, passed at Puycheni under their mother's wise and watchful supervision. The impoverished circumstances of the family necessitated the strictest economy, and even imposed many privations upon its members; privations borne by the parents with fortitude, and heeded not at all by the light-hearted children. The produce of the estate provided for the needs of the household; their clothes were made in winter of cloth manufactured from the wool of sheep reared on the estate; in summer, of linen spun from flax grown on their own land. Colonial imports stood at that time at a high figure; sugar was a prohibited article at Puycheni, and Madame de Plas had even to forego her accustomed cup of coffee. There was more of play than lessons in those days: the elder boys were sent to learn Latin to the priest of a neighbouring village, a worthy old man, but an utterly inefficient teacher. Francis, who is described as a bright, merry little fellow, of a loyal and generous disposition, decided and enterprising in character, was sent with his brothers when only five years old; he learnt nothing, however, and this plan of education was soon given up. With the Restoration better days dawned; the friends of M. de Plas placed his sons at different schools, a presentation to the College of the Chevaliers de St. Louis at Senlis being obtained for Francis. He was then eight and a half years old, and it was a bitter trial to the poor child, who was fondly attached to his parents, to go so far away from home, probably for a long time, too, as travelling was difficult and journeys were expensive. "I am much the littlest, papa," he said, amid his sobs, "and I have to go much the farthest." Once there, however, he applied himself to study with great diligence, and was soon one of the best pupils at a school which can reckon many eminent men amongst its *alumni*. When moved to Vaugirard, where a new College had been opened by the same professors, he also achieved brilliant success, and gained the prize of excellence on account of his assiduity and general good conduct. Meanwhile, his religious training was almost

totally neglected ; though he retained the fear of God, implanted in his heart by his pious mother, he was allowed to remain in lamentable ignorance of the truths of Christian doctrine. At the age of eleven he made his First Communion and received Confirmation, knowing very little about the sacraments, or the graces they confer. To this absence of religious instruction his long neglect of the duties of a Christian in subsequent years may be attributed.

Francis early manifested a strong predilection for a seafaring life, but his father and his teachers wished him to enter the army, and he was obliged to yield to their wishes. A friend and patron, however, presented himself in the person of M. Meynard, Francis' uncle and godfather, who, observing the disappointment and discouragement of the boy in consequence of the frustration of his hopes, took him into his house, and with the consent of his father put him under a course of instruction in preparation for the competitive examination at the Naval School at Angoulême. Francis made such good use of his opportunities, that when the examination was over, his name stood seventh on the list of two hundred candidates. In the autumn of 1824 he entered on the two years' course of study which was to precede more practical acquaintance with the duties of his future career.

At the end of the two years the naval cadet went home for a short holiday, spent in free and happy intercourse with his parents and sisters. When the summons came to take his place, with forty others, on the sloop *Victorieuse* at Toulon, the parting was keenly felt on both sides. His father shed tears at the thought that perhaps he should never see his sailor son again : his mother trembled in view of the temptations that would inevitably beset a lad of seventeen, brave and well-principled it is true, but lacking the safeguard of firm faith and deeply-rooted piety, launched alone upon the world, among a number of young men eager for the enjoyments and pleasures of life.

At any rate there was no need for apprehension lest Francis should have mistaken his vocation. The first letter he wrote home from the training-ship was overflowing with delight and felicity. "I already feel quite like an old salt," he says, "and have not the slightest wish to go on land. I am busy all day long ; our officers are most kind and complaisant, and I do all my work with the greatest pleasure. I can assure you that

I am very happy, and always shall be, for I have found out the secret of being happy is to be always employed, and thank Heaven, I am not often idle." This early enthusiasm was not destined to die out. Never did a man devote himself more with heart and soul to his profession than did de Plas, from the time he first donned the naval uniform until the day when, after more than forty years' service, he laid it aside in order to assume the religious habit of the Sons of St. Ignatius.

For the first twenty-two years of his life as a sailor, Francis was, at short intervals, continually making cruises of greater or less importance and duration, absent sometimes for a few months, at other times for three or four years. The long letters which he was in the habit of writing home, giving all the details of his life on board ship or when ashore in distant climes, his duties and his pleasures, his studies and his amusements, his experiences and impressions of the places he visited and the people he met with, abound in interest, and afford a series of bright and ever-varied pictures, sketched as they are with a skilful hand and easy pen. Whether he is at anchor in the roadsteads of Toulon or Rochefort, cruising in the Indian Ocean or Yellow Sea, or breasting the waves of the Atlantic; whether he lands on the shores of classic Greece or darkest Africa, of fair Peru or fertile Mexico; whether he wanders in the streets of some busy mart of commerce, or threads the silent paths of a tropical forest; whether we are invited to follow him to the gay banqueting-hall or solemn sanctuary, to the crowded ball-room or to the audience-chamber of the Vatican, we never find ourselves in dull company, or listening to a wearisome narrative. Now he is coasting along the Levant, touching at the different ports on the way to Palestine, where he makes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; anon he is in the Greek archipelago, on board a sloop of war, watching the evacuation of the Morea by the Egyptian troops. Somewhat later he dates from the South Pacific, speaking in glowing terms of the climate and scenery, of the *fêtes* and friends in Chili and Lima, which almost make him long to stay for ever among surroundings so delightful. Again, appointed lieutenant of a frigate, he is ordered to Senegal, to protect commerce and check the slave-trade off the African coast; or, under way to Buenos Ayres, where hostilities have broken out, he expresses his hope that fortune will grant him the opportunity of a skirmish with the rebels. Another time we find him promoted

to a post on a first-class man-of-war, taking part in the manœuvres of the Mediterranean Squadron; or, nominated aide-de-camp, it is his duty to escort the Duke and Duchess of Nemours on their voyage to England; later on he is serving on board the Admiral's flag-ship in the Bay of Cadiz, and is chosen by the Prince de Tourville as the bearer of important despatches to the French Government. This secret mission, a mark of the high esteem in which his Commandant held him, procured for de Plas the distinction of dining with the King and Queen at Paris, and receiving from the monarch's royal hand the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Whilst he was absent, the towns of Tangiers and Mogador were bombarded, and he thus lost the longed-for occasion of sharing in the glories and the dangers of actual warfare. During the engagement, a ball from the batteries entered the cabin of the absent officer. The Commander, on being informed of this, remarked: "How very attentive these Moors are! They have left a card on M. de Plas, how vexed he will be that he cannot return the compliment!" This was true enough: our hero could not conceal his chagrin at finding, on his return to Cadiz, the war virtually ended, without his having had the opportunity of drawing the sword. More than once on subsequent occasions he was disappointed in a similar manner; in fact, throughout the course of his long career in the navy, it invariably happened, as if by a strange and tantalizing fatality, that circumstances occurred to hold him aloof from the theatre of war, or at any rate prevent him from joining in any encounter with the enemy, although his own choice would have been to stand at the post where the peril was greatest, and the highest degree of courage and coolness required. In 1857, the war-frigate on which he was serving, after cruising some time in Chinese waters, was, in consequence of a change of Commander-in-Chief, ordered home directly active measures were resolved upon. He thus comments upon this in his letters: "While fighting was going on in the Crimea, we set sail for China; now no sooner is it to begin in China, than we have to leave for Europe."

Inaction was very distasteful to Lieutenant de Plas, and the intervals between his voyages taxed his patience, especially at the outset, not a little, since the amusements offered him on shore were but a slight compensation for the inactivity of life in harbour. At such times he frequently deplored the lack of excitement and change. "What is more wretched," he would say,

"for a sailor, who expects to be always on the move, who loves to be tossing on the waves, and longs to visit every quarter of the globe, than to see nothing but the same line of coast for ever before his eyes!" This was before he learnt to discern in outward circumstances the will of God, and acquiesce gladly in it. His happy disposition, however, enabled him to find contentment in every lot; during the three years he was stationed at Rochefort, as aide-de-camp to the Maritime Prefect of the Port, he declares himself able to say what few can say in this world, that he is perfectly satisfied with his position and the circumstances of his daily life. He even expressed regret when he was appointed to go on an expedition to Madagascar; but in the next letter he was able to congratulate himself—such was his sanguine temperament—on having exchanged his agreeable post for one more in keeping with his calling as a marine; and he accepted cheerfully the appointment offered him, although it was undoubtedly below his merits, thus showing himself more desirous of fulfilling well his duties as a naval officer than of rising in the service. As may be imagined, his acceptance of this humble position was far from lowering him in the eyes of his superiors. Admiral Casy, whose aide-de-camp he was, spoke of him to the Admiralty in the most eulogistic terms. "It would be difficult," he said, "to meet with a more efficient and zealous officer than M. de Plas, or one more deserving of promotion." Consequently Francis was like those who gracefully accept a lower place, soon bidden to come up higher: he went out as second in command on board a modest brig, and returned as Commandant (for the time being) of a first-class frigate.

By all the admirals under whom he served Francis was highly esteemed and very much liked. He was acknowledged to be an able, expert officer, thoroughly acquainted both theoretically and practically with the science of navigation; irreproachable in his conduct, as well in a private as an official capacity; intelligent, good-tempered, disinterested, fearless, prudent. Although he was not destitute of ambition, a laudable ambition to do the best that it was possible for him to do in his calling, and was anxious for advancement in order that he might employ in his country's service the power of command and skill in navigation which he knew himself to possess, self-respect or humility, perhaps a combination of both, prevented him from seeking promotion, or making his claims known at the Admiralty. Once when on a visit to Paris, he saw his comrades,

who were not troubled with the same delicacy as himself, besieging the Minister of Marine, moving heaven and earth to obtain decorations they had done nothing to deserve, posts they were ill-qualified to fill. He was fairly disgusted. "The streets of Paris," he wrote, "swarm with naval officers in quest of promotion. I have no intention of competing with them in the race for honours." However, it was not always easy to remain unmoved when the importunate were rewarded and his own services were overlooked.

My prospects [he writes at this time] are not very brilliant, but one must not lose courage because younger men obtain favour with the great, and are preferred to oneself. We must devote ourselves all the more to our profession, and work on in obscurity, waiting patiently, for our turn will come. And if it should never come, at any rate there will always be cause to congratulate ourselves in being worthy of our post, and still more in being above it.

Not until 1847 did the promotion come which his friends desired for him more than he did for himself. Lieutenant de Plas was nominated to the rank of Captain. Tall, upright, well-made, he looked well in uniform, and was universally pronounced a splendid specimen of an officer. His bearing was dignified, and he carried his head high, a little thrown back; this gave him an air of authority. In his official capacity he had the character of being somewhat stern and unbending, but in intercourse with his friends his easy, courteous manners, his lively and agreeable conversation, his frank and loyal disposition, made him a pleasant companion.

When Francis was thirty-five years of age, witnessing the happiness some of his brothers found in wedded life, he was led to ask himself whether he would not do well to marry. A furlough of several months, of which an extension could easily be procured, appeared to offer a favourable opportunity for choosing a suitable partner of his future life. He was accordingly introduced to a young lady of good family and moderate fortune, desirable in every respect, although devoid of personal charms. To this, however, Francis took no exception, observing with un-loverlike good sense, that one could not expect everything. His offer was accepted, and application had already been made to the Minister of Marine for the official authorization of his marriage, when the match was suddenly broken off. "Mdlle. L—," he wrote to his mother, "has taken alarm at



the prospect of being left without a husband for two years or more immediately after the wedding. This her father intimated to me in a polite letter; I returned an equally courteous rejoinder, and I am happy to say the affair is at an end." Francis evidently was not very deeply in love, or at least his profession had a firmer hold on his affections than his affianced bride. Some six months later, in consequence of the representations of his friends, he tried his fortune again, and asked the hand of a young lady he met at Rochefort. His proposal was favourably received, but the stipulation was made that he should leave the navy. This condition was to Francis equivalent to a refusal: thereupon he once and for ever relinquished the idea of marriage. Could he have foreseen what was in store for him, he would have discerned in the frustrations of his plans the finger of God, who was reserving him for a higher life, and a more exalted destiny.

It must not be supposed from Francis' apparent indifference to the failure of his matrimonial projects that he was of a cold and heartless nature. On the contrary, he was fondly attached to the home of his childhood, and was united by the bonds of strong affection to the members of his family. Whenever he had leave of absence, his first object was to hasten to Puycheni, to renew the tender and loving intercourse with his parents and sisters which absence suspended, but did not break. His letters evince the deep interest he kept up in all that concerned his relatives, and when quite young in the service, he begged that he might contribute a portion of his pay to the education of his brothers. The death of his father, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, affected him profoundly; the more so because it occurred whilst he was away on a distant expedition, and he was therefore unable to mingle his tears with those of his bereaved mother, and in some degree console her by his filial affection.

We must now lay aside Francis' letters, fascinating as is the narrative their pages present on account of the variety of the scenes he visited, and the personages of note with whom he was brought into contact, since it is not in the external incidents of his career that the interest of this attractive biography centres. It is the history of his interior life that constitutes its real charm, the history of a soul, mirrored in the leaves of the journal which, for almost fifty years, he kept with scrupulous fidelity. Every day, from 1840 until his death

in 1888, he recorded in his diary his principal actions, his most intimate thoughts, each detail of his spiritual life ; to this mute friend he laid bare the hidden recesses of his conscience, confiding to it secrets which he would perhaps have shrunk from pouring into any human ear, his half-formed hopes, his joys and sorrows, the aspirations of his heart. From these volumes, which have been carefully preserved, the reader learns the doubts which perplexed him, his efforts at self-conquest, the encouragements and disappointments he met with in his progress from darkness to light, and finally contemplates with admiring wonder the marvels accomplished by faithful correspondence to grace.

Up to the age of thirty-five or thirty-six years, Francis lived in habitual neglect of his religious duties. Since his First Communion, he had always found some excuse for not approaching the sacraments, if his mother gently reminded him of the Easter precept. He respected piety in others, however ; and the persuasion that religion was essential to true happiness was never obliterated from his mind. Ever and anon the voice of grace spoke to his soul, and he would endeavour to revive the beliefs of his childhood. "There are times," he wrote in his journal in 1840, "when I hope I may ultimately become a good Christian." He describes his life as having been an almost continual conflict, owing to the impressions of his early training, between virtue and vice ; if he was not particularly virtuous, he at any rate was never sullied by vice. His moral conduct was irreprehensible ; his official duties were performed with exactitude and alacrity. One precept, moreover, he had never neglected, that of almsgiving. Whenever an opportunity presented itself for relieving the destitute, he would give liberally, and for several years a considerable portion of his pay was confided to the hands of his charitable mother for distribution amongst the poor round Puycheni. It was through this love for the suffering members of Jesus Christ that Francis became acquainted with the guide destined to lead him back to the faith he had lost.

The winter of 1844-5 was exceptionally severe, and Francis, who was then in Paris, was anxious to assist in alleviating the distress it occasioned amongst the poor. Aware of the uselessness of indiscriminate almsgiving, he determined to put himself in communication with some one who could tell him of some destitute and really deserving families. With this

object he called upon Lieutenant Marceau ; and God permitted that in this fellow-officer he should find the friend he needed.

Auguste Marceau, it may be remembered, until about the same age as de Plas was when he made his acquaintance, had been, not like him, merely indifferent to religion, but an open blasphemer. He was one of those strong characters who can do nothing by halves ; once converted, he showed himself as fervent a Christian as he had been a thorough-going infidel ; transformed by grace, from a persecutor he became an apostle.

Marceau spent two hours with me to-day [De Plas writes in his journal on the 19th February, 1845, a date memorable for him]. The Christian religion, charity viewed in the light of Christianity, were the topics of our conversation. Not for a long time has anything impressed me so deeply as thus hearing from the lips of a comrade the language of the saints. At times, as he talked, a look of intense feeling came into his eyes. I hope what he said to me will not be without fruit ; I told him I thought the seed had fallen on good ground. To-morrow, if my courage does not fail me, I shall go to the 7.30 Mass at Notre-Dame-des-Victoires. If God gives me the grace to follow a Christian vocation, it will be by charity that I have been led to it. It was through my desire to help the needy that I got to know Marceau, who is a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and undoubtedly the elevated tone of all he said has done much towards putting me on the right course ; for left to oneself, without a compass, without a pilot, one is almost sure to go wrong.

On the evening of the following day, Francis, knowing that dilettanteism will not do in religion, refrained from going as he had intended to the opera, in order to give the price of his ticket to the poor, and to guard against the breath of dissipation which might check the growth of the good seed within his heart. A few days later he went to confession, and felt happy in the hope that henceforth his lot was to be with the servants of God. The rest of his furlough was spent at Puycheni ; he joined in the devotions of that pious household, kept the Lenten fast, attended the services of the Church, was assiduous in prayer and good works ; but his conviction of the truths of religion did not seem as yet sufficiently firm to allow of his approaching the Holy Table at Easter. This privation he regarded as an expiation of his former indifference, and it caused him profound sorrow ; it appears strange, as his biographer remarks, that it should have been imposed on

a man of good-will, in good dispositions, in whom the gift of supernatural faith can surely not have been wanting. For a few months Francis persevered in his good resolutions; but gradually, under the specious pretext that if his life were not in keeping with his religious profession, scandal might be given, he dropped almost all outward observances except the obligatory attendance at Mass, to which he always went in uniform, for the sake of example. It was not until three years later that the decisive moment came, when the full light of faith streamed in upon his soul, and he gave himself wholly to God. The events of 1848, which convinced him that human means were unavailing to stem the revolutionary torrent, and that practical Christianity is the only safeguard of society, were not without their influence upon him. Daily he prayed for enlightenment; for grace to discern between evil and good, to avoid the one, and follow after the other; to conquer in himself all that might be contrary to the law of God; to submit his reason to the mysteries of faith. It was while reading the *Conférences of Frayssinous* that the scales finally fell from his eyes, and all hesitation was ended. With what joy did he enrol himself as a soldier of Christ! with what scrupulous care did he prepare for the first time after so many years, to receive Holy Communion! Shortly before the day fixed, an advantageous post was offered him by his old commander and firm friend, Admiral Desfossés; he declined it, fearing lest his thoughts might be distracted from the important work in hand. And who can say with what fervent gratitude and gladness of heart he at length approached the Divine Banquet.

It will not be wondered at that, as is frequently the case with generous souls on whom some signal grace has been conferred, Francis felt the desire to consecrate the remainder of his life to God in the sacerdotal state. But He who says to His Apostles, You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, chooses also the manner and the time of their service; twenty years were to elapse before the germ of a true vocation, implanted in Francis' heart, was to blossom and bear fruit. On reflection, he felt no immediate call to abandon his profession. Every state of life has its graces, and he saw no reason why he should not remain in the world, and endeavour to make religion attractive in the eyes of others. He hoped, and did not hope in vain, by his persuasions and example to win back to the practice of religion some of his fellow-officers

and friends who lived in forgetfulness of God, and make them sharers in the happiness he enjoyed. All his leisure time was henceforth spent in organizing or promoting good works for the greater glory of God and the interest of souls. But he did not thereby neglect the claims of society; he accomplished what many pronounce an impossible task, that of reconciling a Christian life with the world. Whilst waiting at Lorient during the equipment of the ship that was bound on a missionary expedition, he writes, December, 1850: "In virtue of my title of Commander of the *Cassini*, I am invited to a ball at the club. As the invitation includes the whole of the staff, I am not free to refuse. It is only right for me to go with the officers and cadets who are keen on this sort of amusement. Otherwise it is perhaps hardly the thing for me to go to a ball. Those who saw me this morning accompanying the Holy Viaticum to the sick, will not know what to make of me."

The voyage of the *Arche d'Alliance* to the islands of Oceania, under the command of Captain Marceau, who had sacrificed his career in the navy for the cause of Catholic missions, and was now struck down by a fatal illness, suggested to de Plas the idea of a similar expedition, and he asked for the command of a vessel to sail round the world, touching at the principal missionary stations. His request was granted, but to his great disappointment, the destination of the ship was to be a station on the coast of China. A detailed account of the cruise of the *Cassini*, which occupied three years and four months, is not needed here, for the narrative has been published in a separate volume.<sup>1</sup>

The primary object of the expedition was to strengthen and protect Catholic missions. Disturbances having occurred in the interior, the presence of a French corvette in Chinese waters was necessary as a check upon the Chinese authorities, and to secure the safety of the Christian population. The expedition was successful in every way: an excellent spirit prevailed throughout the crew; the military discipline was perfect, and the union amongst the officers unbroken. Captain de Plas had secured for one of his lieutenants Alexis Clerc, a man of one heart and mind with himself, the future victim of the Commune. A few months subsequent to the return of the *Cassini* to France, while Francis, after a short trip to the

<sup>1</sup> *Campagne du "Cassini" dans les mers les Chine, d'après lettres et notes du Commandant de Plas.* Paris: Retaux-Bray.

Baltic, was enjoying a well-earned holiday at Puycheni, he received information that Lieutenant Clerc had entered the Jesuit novitiate. It was no surprise to him, for he was aware of his friend's aspirations, yet the news caused him a certain sadness, for it awoke within him thoughts of his own vocation. "Clerc is a happier man than I am," he wrote. "I feel half inclined to give up the task laid on me; but no, it must not be; may God give me grace to labour at my own perfection, and by my gentleness, charity, fidelity to duty, prove myself worthy of the name of Christian."

We have seen how Francis' energetic nature chafed under inaction, and how the mere sight, as he said, of a map would rouse in this true sailor an irresistible longing to go to sea, especially if there was a chance of engaging in hostilities. It will therefore be understood how sore a trial it was to him to hear of the victories of the Allied Fleets at the time of the Crimean War, whilst he remained in port. The following extract from his journal will show what progress he had already made in conformity to the will of God, a virtue learnt in great part from his friend Marceau, who had so fully subdued his fiery and impatient nature as to become a perfect model of cheerful resignation under the most trying circumstances.

It is better for me to be here, than in the Crimea or the Baltic. God places us where it is best for us to be; He will remove us when the right time comes. While my comrades acquire glory and renown by boldly confronting dangers on sea and land, let it be enough for me to carry on a continual warfare against my passions. *Nos autem gloriari oportet in cruce Domini nostri Jesu Christi.* I must attack them as fiercely as my comrades do the Russians; if I gain the victory I shall have no cause to regret my *campaign* at Lorient, and shall give thanks to God in as heartfelt a *Te Deum* as if I had vanquished one of the most powerful of earthly monarchs.

In the commencement of 1855, de Plas set sail on a second, and this time a military expedition to China, in the capacity of Captain of the Admiral's flag-ship, the *Virginie*, a splendid frigate of fifty guns. This voyage, destitute of much exterior interest, was not uneventful as far as Francis' interior progress was concerned. Up to that time he had often been himself astonished at the easy and smooth path by which it had pleased God to lead him since his conversion in 1848, for he was aware that every one who aspires to any degree of sanctity, must be ready to participate in the Passion and Cross



of his Divine Master ; that he who comes to the service of God must prepare his soul for temptation. The time had now come for him to humble his heart and endure, for he was about to be tried in the furnace most repugnant to the pride of human nature, that of humiliation. Hitherto he was accustomed to be on the best of terms with his fellow-officers ; he was now to experience for the space of three years that greatest trial of life on board ship, enforced intercourse with men not only who entirely differed from him on religious subjects, but whom he found in all respects utterly uncongenial. Worst of all, the Admiral in command of the expedition, with whom, as Captain of his vessel, constant contact was unavoidable, was in character, feeling, and tastes diametrically opposed to him. Consequently there was continual friction between them ; Admiral X., irascible, ill-tempered, unreasonable in his censure of Francis' proceedings, subjected him to endless petty vexations. Patience and submission on the part of his subordinate only exasperated him ; and he would vent his irritability in a volley of abuse, couched in the choicest terms of the nautical vocabulary. Nor if Francis attempted to explain, or to justify himself, was the enraged Admiral better pleased. Francis records in his journal some of the painful scenes that took place. " I will not have you answer me, I will be obeyed, or I will break you to pieces like a bit of glass," the Admiral shouted on one occasion. " Very well, then break me," Francis calmly rejoined. This was throwing oil on the fire ; he was immediately placed under arrest. " I am once more under arrest," he writes, " and really I am thankful for it, since it procures me a time of rest and quiet repose. I feel no ill-will towards my superior, though I am guilty of no breach of discipline ; I did not comply with his orders because he interfered in an unwarrantable manner in my directions for navigating the ship." The affair generally ended in a sort of apology on the part of the Admiral, who acknowledged that he had not his temper sufficiently under control. This did not prevent the same thing recurring on the slightest provocation, and the relations between the two during the voyage were unpleasantly strained. At one time the cholera broke out on board ; Captain de Plas was unremitting in his attention to the sick, spending all his free time with them, speaking to them of God, writing letters for them, encouraging and helping them in every way. One Sunday morning Admiral X. remarked that Francis had been sleepy

at Mass, adding with a sneer that he wondered so pious a man should be thus wanting in reverence. The whole of the previous night had been passed by Francis at the bedside of the cholera patients. Francis consoled himself with the thought that God was not so hard as man on our little frailties, and endeavoured to make the humiliations of this life profitable for the life to come. On his return to France, he was never heard to speak of Admiral X. except in praise of his nautical talents, and the vigilant surveillance which—as he knew to his cost—he exercised over the ship's company.

The state of Francis' health, impaired by climatic influences, and the fatigues of two consecutive voyages of unusual length, obliged him to remain in France for a time, and take a long furlough, the principal part of which was spent at home. Puycheni had always fresh charms for him. He loved the peace and quiet of the country, the freedom and affection of the family circle. Soon after he left he was recalled thither to the death-bed of his mother, whose end was as edifying as her life had been. She had the consolation of seeing around her all her seven children in her last moments, and of knowing that they called her blessed.

After six months' duty at Brest, de Plas was nominated Superintendent of the Works in the harbour of Cherbourg. In whatever branch of the service he was employed, he fulfilled his duty with conscientious fidelity; in all he did he was exact, thorough, systematic. The danger of making the practices of devotion of paramount importance, the principal business of life, rather than a preparation and help for the better accomplishment of the duties of his state, was one against which he had to guard. He therefore made a rule for the employment of his time. Rising at five, he would hear Mass, communicating nearly every day, do the Stations, and accompany the priest should he be taking the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. When his official work was over, he would visit some poor family, giving them material help or religious instruction. The remainder of the day was devoted to study connected with maritime affairs. In the evening he attended sailors' clubs or associations of young men; frequently, too, making his appearance in society, when this appeared useful or desirable. Let nothing be done *for* pleasure, he would say, but everything *with* pleasure.

During the four years that elapsed after the cruise of the

*Virginie*, de Plas did not make any voyage. He longed to be afloat, and when the offer came to take the command of the transport-ship, the *Turenne*, about to sail with reinforcements to Mexico, he accepted the offer unhesitatingly. The *Turenne* was to take out the new Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican campaign, General Forey, and his Staff. When de Plas heard this, he laughingly compared himself to the ass that carried the relics, and expressed the hope that the high rank of some of his passengers might not prevent him from doing his duty as captain. His position was, in fact, somewhat difficult; courage and firmness were required to maintain his authority supreme. The very first time that they all met at dinner, Captain de Plas, whose right it was to preside at table, was annoyed and surprised at the tone of the conversation that went on around him. He abstained from making any remark, only allowing his disapproval to be seen by his manner. The next day the talk was such as not merely displeased him as a Christian, but revolted his feelings as a gentleman. Availing himself of a pause, "General," he said, in a clear, decided voice, "you know the rules on board ship. The Captain does not admit to his table officers whose conversation would lead one to imagine some mistake had been made in the choice of the company." This rebuke had the desired effect; the transgressions against good taste were not repeated.

The passengers on board the *Turenne* being anxious to reach their destination as quickly as possible, the Captain, whilst sailing among the Antilles, to avoid a long round entered a narrow passage which appeared highly perilous. The officers on deck looked at one another, whispers were exchanged, at length General Forey went up to de Plas with a remonstrance on his lips. "General," the Captain answered, "in making this short cut, I do not forget that I have on board a future Marshal of France. I know what I am about. For manœuvres on land I should be glad of your counsels: here, if you please, I am the master."

We must pass rapidly over the next seven years of de Plas' life. Nothing of great moment occurred in them, nor did he make a cruise of any distance or duration. The reluctance he manifested in soliciting any appointment, gave rise to the idea that he was intending to enter the Society of Jesus. This surmise was not without foundation. The thought of his vocation continually haunted him; ever and anon he asked himself

whether he had done right in remaining in the world. The ordination of his friend, Père Clerc, caused him thus to examine his own heart. Again, the renewal in 1860 of his friendship with an old schoolfellow, M. de Cuers, who had left the navy to take Orders, and urged de Plas to follow his example, served to revive his agitation and doubt. By the advice of Père Clerc, he resolved to wait until the voice of God made itself clearly heard. Meanwhile he declared himself willing to accept any post in the service of his country, and even to continue his career until his name should be placed on the retired list. *Non recuso laborem*, was his motto, and in discharging his duties in the navy in a most exemplary and able manner, he sought to please God rather than man. The more his friends desired advancement for him, the less he desired it for himself. The last appointment he held was that of Major of the Fleet at Rochefort, where he laboured zealously among the sailors and soldiers, establishing a night-school and amusements of a simple nature for their benefit.

On St. Joseph's day, 1869, at the close of a retreat, the final decision was made: Francis asked admission into the Society of Jesus.

Such a request is not a common one on the lips of a naval officer already sixty years old; a dispensation on account of age had to be obtained from Rome. De Plas entered the Novitiate at Angers on St. Aloysius' day. Almost immediately after he wrote to the Minister of Marine to ask permission to retire from the navy, in virtue of the length of time he had been in the service. It was not without a pang that Francis quitted the profession to which his life had been dedicated; more sorrowful still was the parting from the cherished home of his childhood, and from his brothers and sisters, who evinced much grief at his departure. But he made the sacrifice very joyfully: *Hilarem datorem diligit Deus*.

De Plas was sent to Rome for his novitiate, which he passed in the house of the Tertian Fathers. Cheerfully did this labourer of the eleventh hour place himself under the Fathers whose duty it was to form him for the religious life. From the outset he applied himself to follow closely the common life, to carry out the rule with simple and prompt obedience, refusing the exemptions to which his age entitled him. Nay, more, he was always on the watch to embrace, provided he could do so unostentatiously, whatever was most

repugnant to his habits and tastes. A fellow-novice relates that the daily conference of the Father Master was one of the poor man's greatest trials. As soon as it began, an unconquerable drowsiness came over him, he could not keep awake. He tried taking notes, but that was of no use ; he tried standing upright, but even in that position he fell asleep.

At the termination of his novitiate, Francis was recalled to Paris. It was in August, 1870: the Prussians were advancing on Paris, and the excitement in the city was at its height. An ambulance was established at Vaugirard, and thither Francis was sent, with other novices, to serve the sick and wounded. This occupation, though it retarded the commencement of his studies, was highly congenial to him. Despite the peaceful vocation he had adopted, the battlefield had still an attraction for him, and to cure wounds is pleasanter work than to inflict them. Father Alexis Clerc was director of the ambulance ; thus it became his turn to give orders to the commandant under whom he formerly served, and than whom none obeyed with more unquestioning docility. Who can say with what indefatigable zeal and patience Francis ministered to the wounded soldiers, or how many were by his means induced to begin a new life, or make a happy death.

After the capitulation of Paris, and the sad scenes of the Commune, in which Father Clerc laid down his life, De Plas was sent to Laval to enter upon the studies preparatory to his course of theology. Accustomed as he was to a position of authority and command, he nevertheless took his seat in the class-room with alacrity, and bent his neck beneath the yoke.

It is well for me [he wrote] to be under obedience, and to break with the habits of a lifetime. I now have to give up Holy Communion, except twice a week, to give up doing the Stations, except on festivals, to give up the spiritual reading I so much enjoy, in order to learn lessons fit for a child. I have to study Latin grammar, construe, write exercises, like a schoolboy in the first form. Well, well, obedience reconciles one to everything ; I can even say I find pleasure in these employments.

A few years later we find the following entry :

Let no one know that one of the scholastics is sixty-two years old except by his grey hair, and other external signs of age : in the church, the refectory, at recreation, the old man must in no wise differ from the youngest of his fellows.

Not so much in the observance of outward regulations, nor in the submission of his judgment and will to the decisions of his Superiors did Francis feel most keenly the inward crucifixion of a life of unreserved obedience. The greatest trial to his humility was the acceptance of theological solutions of questions which did not coincide with his preconceived ideas. His notions were somewhat those of a rigorist; for himself he would sacrifice everything to duty, and he could not at first understand that one cannot impose a counsel or an opinion as of binding obligation on others; he could not admit the subtle distinctions which are necessary to safeguard the rights of conscience and reconcile them with the requirements of justice. These difficulties were overcome by a spirit of submission to the dictates of the Church, the resolve to approve and blame as she approves and blames.

On the 25th of May, 1872, he was ordained priest, and entered upon his apostolic labours at Brest. He could not conceal his satisfaction at being once more in sight of the sea and the shipping, and his former fellow-officers welcomed his return among them. His acquaintance with maritime matters and use of nautical terms gave him great influence among the sailors and marines, his naval rank made him respected by them, and he was consequently successful where others failed, in reclaiming them from evil ways and leading them to practise their religion. The cadets in the training-school were his especial care; he was also chaplain to the *Cercle Catholique*, a work of great importance at Brest, to which he devoted himself with the happiest results until the decrees of 1880 obliged the Jesuits to evacuate their house, and give up the direction of their College. While the other Fathers went to their respective families or accepted the hospitality of friends, Father de Plas took up his abode with the Little Sisters of the Poor. There he remained for two years, leading a life as uniform as if in community, giving edification to all around by his spirit of charity and humility, his patience, the love of God and zeal for souls that devoured him. Unable any longer to bear the fatigue of giving missions and retreats, he had, a year or two previously to the time of which we speak, compared himself to a battered old hulk, dismasted and unfit for service, adding that he hoped to get into port with the aid of the well-equipped vessels wherewith it had pleased God to surround him. The Father Provincial, hearing this, told him he must fill the office of *Prieur* of the



house, and pray for those whose avocations left them little time for prayer. The suggestion delighted him, "O happy post!" he exclaims, "I am made *Prieur* (Prior), not to exercise the right of priority, but that of intercessory prayer." Henceforward he redoubled the assiduity and fervour of his prayers.

In October, 1883, on the anniversary of his father's death, Father de Plas said Mass in the little chapel at Puycheni. All his brothers and sisters were assembled there, united by the ties of blood and mutual affection; they were further united by similarity of sentiment in regard to religion and politics. Two years later the "seven brethren"—the two eldest of whom were octogenarians—met once more and for the last time in their old home. A simple ceremony drew them together. Francis was to bless a cross, erected on a height that dominated the surrounding country, and which was to replace one which had been placed there in 1803, on the birth of the eldest member of the family. Many friends were present at this ceremony, which was an act of thanksgiving to Almighty God, who had preserved the circle unbroken for so long a period, and what is far more rare, suffered no discord to disturb their harmony of mind and heart.

As Father de Plas advanced in years, the infirmities of age grew upon him. Those inhabitants of Brest who had known the whilom officer, alert, erect, dressed in a smart uniform, giving his orders with an air of command which well befitted him, could hardly recognize him in the white-haired priest in a well-worn cassock, his shoulders bent with the burden of age—and may we not add with the weight of the Cross?—glad to steady his tottering steps with the support of a friendly arm. But the fire of his eye, the brightness of his intelligence were unclouded, and he still carried on the work of the apostolate by visiting old naval pensioners and former friends. This he termed angling for souls, since his arm could no longer cast aboard the apostolic net, and many were the fish he landed.

Much might be said of the filial affection of this holy religious for our Blessed Lady, a devotion implanted in his breast by his pious mother, and called into life by his friend Marceau, a faithful servant of Mary Immaculate, who gave him a miraculous medal. For some time after his conversion, Francis' devotion was more a matter of belief than of feeling, until in answer to his earnest prayer he obtained that full confidence and childlike love that Mary desires to see in her clients. His

heart abounded too in love for St. Joseph, his protector and helper in many a time of doubt and difficulty; but his chief devotion was to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Not only did he in his later years spend a great portion of his day in church, but he would go from church to church of a morning, in order to hear as many Masses as possible. This he deemed the most useful occupation for a man of his age, incapable of much study.

As his physical forces diminished, his spiritual strength seemed to increase, and his soul to acquire new beauty and vigour. Gratitude to God for the immeasurable happiness of being a Jesuit was the favourite topic of his conversation, the theme of all he wrote. "My life has been a happy and prosperous one," he said, "but I never knew what true felicity was until I entered the Society of Jesus." From January, 1888, until the day when the pen dropped from his enfeebled fingers, the entries in his journal are one continual hymn of thanksgiving. *Quid retribuam Domino?* is the reiterated cry of his grateful heart.

This is one of the days on which my soul overflows with joy and consolation, when I would fain exclaim with the Psalmist: *Venite, audite, et narrabo omnes qui timetis Deum, quanta fecit animæ meæ*; or with the Blessed Virgin, *Fecit mihi magna qui potens est*. When I think of the way God has led me, I see in it nothing short of a miracle of mercy. . . . It is hardly possible for any one to be happier on earth than I am. *Quid retribuam Domino?*

There is little to be said of Father de Plas' last moments. During the three closing months of his life he seemed gradually to decline, he had to give up one thing after another as his weakness rapidly increased. On the 18th of April, 1888, the Viaticum was administered to him; he took on board the pilot who was to carry his vessel over the bar into the desired harbour. During the following night he fell into a state of unconsciousness from which he never awoke; about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th the good and faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord, that joy of which he had a foretaste on earth, but which can only be enjoyed in its fulness in the presence of the Lord Himself.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

## *The Abolition of Serfdom in Europe.*

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### *3.—Russia.*

HITHERTO we have been considering serfdom as a condition of things that existed in the middle ages, or at most in the last century, but our review would be incomplete if we neglected to look at serfdom as it existed less than thirty years ago in Russia. It was only in 1861 that the Tsar, Alexander the Second, emancipated the Russian serfs. In the volumes of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace we have a well-digested account of Russian serfdom past and present, gleaned chiefly from the works of M. Bélaéf, and from his own personal investigations. Mr. Wallace begins by explaining how the Russian peasants became serfs, and tells us that—

In the earliest period of Russian history the rural population was composed of three distinct classes. At the bottom of the scale stood the slaves, who were very numerous. Their numbers were continually augmented by prisoners of war, by freemen who voluntarily sold themselves as slaves, by insolvent debtors, and by certain categories of criminals. Immediately above the slaves were the free agricultural labourers, who had no permanent domicile, but wandered about the country, and settled temporarily where they happened to find work and satisfactory remuneration. In the third place, distinct from these two classes, and in some respects higher in the social scale, were the peasants, properly so called.

These peasants were small farmers, . . . and were possessors of land in property or usufruct, and were members of a rural commune. The communes were free primitive corporations, which elected their office-bearers from among the heads of families, and sent delegates to act as judges or assessors in the Prince's Court. Some of the communes possessed land of their own, whilst others were settled on the estates of the landed proprietors, or on the extensive domains of the monasteries. In the latter case, the peasant paid a fixed yearly rent in money, produce, or labour, according to the terms of his contract with the proprietor or the monastery; but he did not thereby sacrifice in any way his personal liberty. As soon as he had fulfilled the engagements stipulated in the contract, and settled accounts with the owner of the land, he was free to change his domicile as he pleased.

If we turn now from these early times to the eighteenth century, we find that the position of the rural population has entirely changed in the interval. The distinction between slaves, agricultural labourers, and peasants has completely disappeared. All three categories have melted together into a common class, called serfs, who are regarded as the property of the landed proprietors of the State.<sup>1</sup>

An imperial ukáz of Peter the Great seems to regret this state of things, for the Tsar says: "The proprietors sell their peasants and domestic servants, not even in families, but one by one, like cattle, as is done nowhere else in the whole world, from which practice there is not a little wailing."<sup>2</sup> Yet nothing was done to remedy the evil; and, in 1767, Catherine the Second, who professed the most liberal and philanthropic sentiments, by an ukáz, August 22nd, deprived the serfs of all legal protection, and commanded that if any serf shall dare to present a petition against his master, he shall be punished with the knout and transported for life to the mines of Nertchinsk.<sup>3</sup>

The binding of the peasants to the soil was the first stage in their loss of liberty.<sup>4</sup> This was in the interests of agriculture, and the free communes were as anxious to retain the cultivators of the land as the princes or landed proprietors. When the various independent principalities became concentrated in the Tsardom of Moscow, it was more easy to compel the residence of the peasants on the land. If the Tsar rewarded one of his boyars with an estate on which twenty families were living, it would make a vast difference in the value of the property if ten of these families migrated elsewhere, and the boyar would find himself unable to acquit himself of the services to his prince, to which he had bound himself on receiving the land. The communes had also obligations to the Tsar, which they could not fulfil if their members were allowed to depart at will. Hence came severe laws against those who attempted to change their domicile, and against proprietors who should harbour the runaways. As yet the peasant retained all the civil rights he had hitherto enjoyed. He could still appear before the courts of law as a free man, freely engage in trade or industry, enter into all manner of contracts, and rent land for cultivation. In the majority of cases he did not wish to

<sup>1</sup> *Russia*. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

<sup>2</sup> April 15th, 1721. <sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.* p. 236.

<sup>4</sup> This was done by the Tsar Boris Godunóf, who at the beginning of the seventeenth century abolished the right which the peasants had hitherto enjoyed of changing their domicile on St. George's day.

travel far from home, and the restriction of domicile was probably not much felt. Yet his connection with his lord being no longer voluntary, the weaker of the parties thus legally bound together naturally fell more and more under the power of the stronger. In other European countries the Government had interfered for the protection of the peasant, but the danger did not seem to have been perceived by the Russian Tsars, and the clergy do not appear to have stood forth there as they did in Western Europe to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed. In the absence of legislation as to the mutual obligations of lord and peasant, the proprietors made laws for the regulation of the peasants themselves, and enforced them by fines and corporal punishment. From this they went a step further, and began to sell their peasants without the land on which they were settled. Instead of forbidding this flagrant abuse, the Government winked at it, and even exacted dues on such sales, as on the sale of slaves. Finally, by imperial ukáz of the Tsar Alexis in 1675, and of Feodor the Third in 1682, the right to sell peasants without land was formally recognized. Peter the Great put the finishing stroke to the degradation of the Russian peasants, by ordering a census to be taken in which all the various classes of the rural population—slaves, domestic servants, agricultural labourers, peasants—should be inscribed in one category, and equally liable to the poll-tax, in lieu of the land-tax which had lain exclusively on the peasants.<sup>1</sup> The proprietors were made responsible for their serfs, and the "free wandering people" who did not wish to enter the army were ordered, under pain of being sent to the galleys, to inscribe themselves as members of a commune or as serfs to some proprietor. By making the proprietor pay the poll-tax for his serfs, as if they were slaves or cattle, the law seemed to sanction the idea that they were part of his goods and chattels. The free labourer no longer existed in Russia.

The discontent of the serfs under this change in their position led thousands to run away, and the Government authorized the proprietors to transport unruly serfs without trial to Siberia, or to send them to the mines. In 1762, Peter the Third abolished the obligatory service of the nobles, and the serfs expected that as the nobles were no longer bound to serve the Tsar, another ukáz would be issued emancipating them from service to their lords. They even imagined that such a decree had been issued, but that it had been suppressed

<sup>1</sup> *Vide op. cit.* p. 245.

by the nobles, and when Peter was assassinated in 1745, they imagined him to have been a martyr for their liberty.<sup>1</sup> Rumours were spread that he had escaped from his assassins, and a pretender appeared on the Don, who excited the serfs to revolt, and massacred all the proprietors who fell into his hands. He was soon defeated and the insurrection was quelled. Peter's consort, Catherine the Second, found it her policy to cultivate the favour of the nobles, and during her reign the miseries of the serfs were at their worst. Serfs were bought and sold, and given as presents, sometimes in hundreds and thousands at a time, with or without the land, sometimes in families, sometimes individually.<sup>2</sup> The only legal restriction was that they could not be sold by public auction. Now and then cases of extraordinary cruelty came to the ears of the Tsar, and were punished, but these instances of interference were too exceptional to affect the proprietors as a class.

A certain lady called Saltykoff, according to the ukáz, had killed by inhuman tortures, in the course of ten or eleven years, about a hundred of her serfs, chiefly of the female sex, and among them several young girls of eleven or twelve years of age. (*Ibid.* p. 251.)

A lady had murdered a serf boy by pricking him with a penknife, because he had neglected to take proper care of a tame rabbit committed to his charge. (*Ibid.* p. 252.)

— Catherine the Second secularized the monasteries, and instead of giving their lands to the nobles, as had been done in England and Germany, she transformed them into State demesnes. Catherine was succeeded by her son, Paul the First, one of whose first acts was to set at liberty Kosciusko and the Poles who were in prison, and for the first time distinct measures were taken by the Government for the protection of the serfs. He issued an ukáz that the serfs should not be forced to work for their masters more than three days in the week. From the accession of his son Alexander, in 1801, the Russian Government made many abortive attempts to improve the condition of the serfs. The Tsar Nicholas abolished the custom of giving land with peasants as grants to his courtiers, he placed some restriction on the power of proprietors, and some thousands of serfs were actually emancipated. Still, the legal powers of the proprietor were enormous. The laws laid down that—

The proprietor may impose on his serfs every kind of labour, may take from them money dues (*obrok*), and demand of them personal

<sup>1</sup> Op. cit. p. 247.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 249.



service, with this one restriction, that they should not thereby be ruined, and that the number of days fixed by law should be left to them for their own work. Besides this he had the right to transform peasants into domestic servants, and hire them out to other nobles. For all offences committed against himself or against any one under his jurisdiction, he could subject the guilty ones to corporal punishment not exceeding forty lashes with the birch, or fifteen blows with the stick; and if he considered any of his serfs incorrigible, he could present them to the authorities to be drafted into the army or transported to Siberia, as he might desire. In cases of insubordination, where the ordinary domestic means of discipline did not suffice, he could call in the police and the military to support his authority. In all cases the serfs were ordered to be docile and obedient, and unless a proprietor became notorious for inhuman cruelty, the authorities never thought of interfering. (Op. cit. pp. 261, 262.)

Mr. Wallace estimates<sup>1</sup>—

The entire population of Russia	-	60,909,309
Peasants of all classes	-	49,486,665

Of these latter there are—

Peasants on the State demesnes	-	23,138,191
Peasants on the lands of proprietors	-	23,022,390
Peasants on the Crown appanages	-	3,326,084

These numbers show that the Tsar owned more than half the serf population of the country. It would be unjust and untrue to imagine that the proprietors, as a class, were cruel and tyrannical. And when the proprietor habitually acted towards his serfs in an enlightened, rational, and humane way, they had little cause to complain of their position. Mr. Wallace says:

However paradoxical the statement may seem to those who are in the habit of regarding all forms of slavery from the sentimental point of view, it is unquestionable that the condition of serfs under such a proprietor as I have supposed was much more enviable than that of the majority of English agricultural labourers. Each family had a house of its own, with a cabbage garden, one or more horses, one or two cows, several sheep, poultry, agricultural implements, a share of the communal land, and everything else necessary for carrying on its small farming operations; and in return for this, it had to supply the proprietor with an amount of labour which was by no means oppressive. If, for instance, a serf had three adult sons, two of them might work for the proprietor, whilst he himself and the remaining son could attend exclusively to the family affairs. From those events which used to be called "the visitations of God," he had no fear of being permanently ruined. If his house was burnt, or his cattle died from the plague, or

<sup>1</sup> Op. cit. p. 254, note.

a series of "bad years" left him without seed for his fields, he could always count upon temporary assistance from his master. He was protected, too, against all oppression and exactions on the part of the officials; for the police, when there was any cause for its interference, applied to the proprietor, who was to a certain extent responsible for his serfs. Thus the serf might live a tranquil, contented life, and die at a ripe old age, without having been conscious that serfage was a burden. (Op. cit. pp. 258, 259.)

It was in March, 1856, soon after the conclusion of the Crimean War, that the Tsar, Alexander the Second, suggested to his nobles: "It is better to abolish serfage from above than to await the time when it will begin to abolish itself from below," and he requested them to consider how this could be put into execution. They did not take the hint, and he appointed a secret committee of the great officers of State to formulate the principles on which the emancipation could be effected.<sup>1</sup> The experiment was first tried on the Lithuanian nobles, who were Poles, and then a circular was sent to the Marshals of Noblesse in Russia proper, saying that the Lithuanian nobles "had recognized the necessity of liberating the peasants," and this "noble intention" had afforded peculiar satisfaction to His Majesty. So broad a hint from an autocratic Sovereign could not be mistaken, and the Press hailed the raising of the question with boundless enthusiasm. Mr. Wallace gives a graphic description of the excitement evoked:

The moralists declared that all the prevailing vices were the product of serfage, and that moral progress was impossible in an atmosphere of slavery; the lawyers asserted that the arbitrary authority of the proprietors over the peasants had no firm legal basis; the economists explained that free labour was an indispensable condition of industrial and commercial prosperity; the philosophical historians showed that the normal historical development of the country demanded the immediate abolition of this superannuated remnant of barbarism; and the writers of the sentimental, gushing type poured forth endless effusions about brotherly love to the weak and the oppressed. (*Ibid.* p. 277.)

During 1858 committees of nobles were formed in almost every province to consider the question, but at length the Commission working under the immediate supervision of the Tsar received Imperial authority for a law which declared the serf personally free, marked off clearly the communal land from the rest of the proprietor's estate, transformed the labour dues into yearly money payments, and facilitated the redemp-

<sup>1</sup> Op. cit. p. 273.

tion of them by the peasants, with the assistance of loans from the Government. With regard to the domestic serfs, it was enacted that they should continue to serve their masters during two years, and that thereafter they should be completely free, but they should have no claim to a share of the land.<sup>1</sup>

As might well be supposed, there was great dissatisfaction on the part of the nobles, who were thus called upon to sacrifice, not only their right to the services of the peasants, but a very considerable slice of what they had regarded as their own land; but many of them shared the benevolent sentiments of the Tsar, and all saw that resistance was useless. The peasants were by no means so delighted with the change as might be expected. They imagined, in many instances, that the whole of the estate belonged to them. In the province of Moscow, one commune sent a deputation to the proprietor to inform him that, as he had always been a good master, the *Mir* would allow him to retain his house and garden during his lifetime. By degrees, and chiefly through the praiseworthy and conciliating efforts of the arbiters appointed to carry out the details of the emancipation, the serfs were not only liberated, but made also possessors of land, and put on the road to becoming communal proprietors, and the old communal institutions were preserved and developed. It is sad to reflect that the author of this beneficent act was destined to be barbarously murdered in his own capital.

Probably most of us would feel rather annoyed at the question being raised—Are the serfs any the better for their emancipation? Still, it is a question which those best acquainted with the subject are not so positive about, and it is well to hear what an authority like Mr. Wallace has to say to the question. His opinion is that

It is no easy matter to sum up the two sides of the account and draw an accurate balance, except in those exceptional cases in which the proprietor flagrantly abused his authority. The present money-dues and taxes are often more burdensome than the labour-dues in the time of serfage. If the serfs had a great many ill-defined obligations to fulfil, such as the carting of the master's grain to market, the preparing of his firewood, the supplying him with eggs, chickens, home-made linen, and the like, they had, on the other hand, a good many ill-defined privileges. They grazed their cattle during a part of the year on the manor-land; they received firewood and occasionally logs for repairing their huts; sometimes the proprietor lent them or gave them a cow or a horse when

<sup>1</sup> Op. cit. p. 295. Mr. Wallace estimates that at the time of emancipation there were 20,158,231 peasant serfs, and 1,467,378 domestics.

they had been visited by the cattle-plague or the horse-stealer ; and in times of famine they could look to their master for support. All this has now come to an end. Their burdens and their privileges have been swept away together, and been replaced by clearly-defined, unbending, un-elastic legal relations. They have now to pay the market price for every stick of firewood which they burn, for every log which they require for repairing their houses, and for every rood of land on which to graze their cattle. Nothing is now to be had gratis. The demand to pay is encountered at every step. If a cow dies or a horse is stolen, the owner can no longer go to the proprietor with the hope of receiving a present, or at least a loan without interest, but must, if he has no ready money, apply to the village usurer, who probably considers twenty or thirty per cent. as a by no means exorbitant rate of interest. Sometimes it even happens that the peasant has to pay without getting any return whatever, as, for instance, when his cattle stray into the proprietor's fields, an accident that may easily occur in a country where walls and hedges are almost unknown. Formerly, on such an occasion, he escaped with a scolding or with a light castigation, which was soon forgotten, but now he has to pay as a fine a sum which is for him considerable. Thinking of all this, and of the other advantages and disadvantages of his new position, he has naturally much difficulty in coming to a general conclusion, and is perhaps quite sincere when, on being asked whether his new position is better than the old, he scratches the back of his head and replies, in a mystified, doubtful tone, "How shall I say to you? It is both better and worse!"—*Kak vam shadzát? I lútche i khúdzhe!* (*Ibid.* pp. 352, 353.)

It is impossible to put back the hands of the clock of time ; and it would be nothing less than criminal to attempt to bring back either slavery or even serfdom into any country from which it has been abolished. But it is a conviction that has impressed itself strongly upon my mind, since I have been following out these studies, that we ought to be very slow in passing condemnation upon those by whose influence slavery was abolished, because they did not, in the interests of the poor, think that it was advisable to hurry on the complete emancipation of the serfs. Christianity prepared the way for, and accomplished the deliverance of, the slave ; she prepared the way for, but a variety of other causes actually effected, the emancipation of the serf. One thing is certain : the abolition of serfdom in Europe has by no means solved those great social problems, upon the solution of which depends the happiness of the human race.

### *Among the Korahites.*

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ONE of the principal fruits of travelling is the widening of the mind and sympathies. If we return from distant lands with a general impression that, outside our own little island the world is very queer, very ridiculous, very un-English; that we ourselves have happily been singled out by God to be the norm of all that is correct and proper; we may indeed have secured a certain amount of good health, of amusement, of information, we may have been confirmed in our smug self-satisfaction for life; but we have missed a pearl of great price if we have not been made to reflect that, as others seem to us, so do we to them; that what we have hitherto considered natural is only conventional; what we deemed absolute and unchangeable, is merely transitory and relative.

Hence, although second-hand, and still more third-hand, experiences are wont to be somewhat dull in interest and blunted in usefulness, it may be that the following compilation from a traveller's notes will not be altogether unworthy of attention; not so much, perhaps, on account of the *sensus literalis*, as by reason of a certain *sensus anagogicus*, a suggestiveness of moral reflections on men, manners, and things in general.

If in the course of the narrative some of the incidents should seem a little bit incredible to sceptical and over-exacting minds, I pray such critics to reserve their judgments to the end, and meanwhile to rest assured, that the dear Anglican friend on whose testimony these facts are asserted, is as incapable of exaggeration or hyperbole as any man I ever met, notwithstanding the proverbial skill of travelled men in the use of the long bow.

This reverend gentleman has for many years devoted his talents (which are of no mean order) to the exploration of the Holy Land, and those adjacent countries whose history bears so intimately on that of the Israelite race: and more especially

to the deciphering of inscriptions, monumental, or otherwise, tending to throw light on the same. With a view, therefore, of adding some little contribution to the very meagre stock of Phœnician stone-lore at present in possession of Orientalists, he left England some five or six years ago for a tour round the Mediterranean; and having picked up a good deal of valuable information in his researches along the north coast of Africa, on the sea border of Syria, at Cyprus, the Greek islands, and elsewhere, in the course of time found himself at Smyrna, where he took up his quarters at an hotel in the principal street of that most ancient city. Here it was one evening that he sat alone in his room, quietly arranging into the form of an erudite essay, various notes which he had made in the course of his tour. The day had been exceedingly sultry and heavy, and several shocks of earthquake—which are as common in Smyrna as showers of rain in Lancashire—had produced that sickening, nervous sensation which is their usual effect on those who are not accustomed to them. It wanted but a few minutes of midnight, and he was on the point of putting away his papers and retiring to rest, when the hateful premonitory thrill was felt once more, gradually rising in intensity, like the roar of a thousand approaching trains, while the house rocked to and fro in a manner quite beyond anything he had yet experienced. Even the inhabitants began to manifest symptoms of alarm, and screaming men, women, and children rushed half-naked from the house in wild dismay, to seek safety in the open, whither they were followed by our reverend friend in less than no time; and yet only just soon enough to escape being buried in the ruins of the building, which, with an appalling uproar, came crashing down at his very heels.

As he who struggles to the shore at last  
Forth from the breakers, breathless, panting, turns  
And on the wrathful billows stares aghast,

so stood our friend; but while his heart was still throbbing with emotions of awe and gratitude at his hair-breadth escape from Scylla, a more awful convulsion seemed to rend the very earth asunder; and feeling for a second as though he were poised in mid-air, the thread of consciousness seemed to snap in twain, and darkness veiled his eyes.

. . . . .



"Who does not know," he writes, "how the first feeble ray of returning consciousness, comes struggling out of the void and blackness of night? It is like a new birth, a new creating of the soul, or shall we rather say: the birth of new soul, instinct with the experiences and affections of that parent-soul, which it comes to replace. One by one the features of the past trace themselves anew on the tablets of memory, as the stars shine out in the order of their magnitude through the darkening ether, until the whole picture stands before us once more in all its detail; and restored to ourselves again, we gather up the forgotten strands and resume the weary task of weaving out our destiny.

"Thus gradually the recollection of all that had happened up to the last awful moment was borne in upon my soul, long before I had any consciousness of my immediate state and surroundings; but in time the questions, 'Where am I? What am I? Alive or dead?' seemed to grow in importance as the lethargic phase began to pass away. To have survived such a catastrophe was so very unlikely, that I concluded naturally enough that the absence of all external sensation was the consequence and sign of my disembodiment. I had arrived, it would seem, at that intermediate state of waiting, that Hades which so many of our Anglican divines believe in, the Sheol of the ancients, 'a land of darkness covered with the blackness of death, a land of gloom and misery, where dwelleth the shadow of death, and chaos, and horror unending.'

"Presently, however, certain dull sensations began to obtrude themselves on my notice; but on putting forth that will-effort, which usually results in opening the eyes, no effect seemed to follow; so I judged that I had been deceived by traces of past experiences still lingering in memory. And yet, no—surely I have never heard in the past such strange, shrill cries as these which now seem to echo a hundred times on every side; so piercing, that I find myself sitting up with my fingers in my ears—yes, my old familiar fingers in my actual, tangible ears, for now all sensation is restored. This can be no ghostly illusion—unless indeed my clothes be also immortal, and have passed with me into Hades; unless this be a ghostly waistcoat-pocket containing a ghostly penknife, ghostly pipe, ghostly tobacco, matches, and the rest. But the joy of life restored was instantly swallowed up by the terror of an impending death far more frightful than that from which I had been saved—

death from slow starvation in this subterranean cavern, which was even now my sepulchre. The noises which had startled me into life were heard, still fainter and fainter, dying away in the immeasurable distance; while close at hand was heard the sound as of wavelets breaking in rhythm on some sandy shore. The feeble glimmer of a match only makes the darkness round me visible, but shows me that I have fallen on a soft bed of loose dry sand. Crawling forward a few paces, I dimly discern large rocks and boulders lying about, together with much *debris* from the recent collapse. Following the sound of water I grope my way to the marge of a subterranean lake or sea, whose waves roll up stealthily and drench me from head to foot. I strike another of my precious vestas and am vainly trying to peer across the surface of this Cimmerian lagoon, when I am again startled by the same piercing cries coming up from behind, accompanied presently with the flapping of wings, whereby my light is extinguished. The noise passes over my terrified head, out across the watery plain, and dies away as before, thus giving me an idea of indefinite extension on all sides. It was, however, some consolation to know, that I was not the only living occupant of this dungeon; and where there was life there must be some kind of food, were there only light to find it by. To economize light was, therefore, all important, and remembering that I had seen some timber mixed up with rubbish which had accompanied me on my downward journey, I grope my way back, and after a short time succeed in kindling a fire, which enables me to see that the screams and flappings aforesaid proceeded from large, bat-like creatures, which from time to time fly past, and one of which skims straight to the fire and falls singed and stupefied a little way off. On examination, it reminds me in many respects of what I had read of the pterodactyl. It is, however, covered with close white fur, and has no trace whatever of visual organs; while its muzzle (like that of a cat) is furnished with bristles two or three feet long, apparently to guard against collisions in the dark. Provident for future contingencies, I fasten the beast to a stone with a piece of string. Happily, I find a good deal of combustible material lying about—the product of a vegetation quite unlike any I am acquainted with, but probably sigillarious in character—by means of which I am enabled to maintain several bonfires, at such distances as to give me an extended range of vision, however dim and flicker-

ing. I find that the shore is but a narrow border between the sea and a thick forest of gigantic vegetation—rank and colourless, such as darkness, moisture, and warmth would foster.”

We have not time to follow our friend into all these details, nor to hear how by sheer force of hunger he was driven to roast and devour bats, and other strange, eyeless creatures, all of a more or less revolting nature ; how many times he barely escaped the jaws of slimy monsters, which crawled up out of the sea, or others which came bellowing forth from the “forest primæval,” how these sightless creatures would often rush headlong into the flames, to retreat, half-maddened with pain and terror ; how, owing to the high development and acuteness of their other senses, the gift of sight gave him but a slight advantage over them, so that at last he was compelled to surround himself with a zone of bonfires in order to secure any repose.

“Here, one day,” he tells us, “as I lay hopeless and desolate, praying for death, and yet fearing it whenever it seemed to approach, my attention was arrested by cries quite different from any I had yet heard in this pandemonium, which seemed to issue from the adjacent wood—cries which, however harsh, had something almost human in their character. Rapidly the sounds drew nearer, mingled with the shrieks of bats, with which I was now quite familiar ; and in a moment, with great tramping and hustling, there rushed by, at a distance of a few yards, what seemed in the uncertain light to be a crowd of human figures, groping with their hands in all directions, and striking blindly with flails and bludgeons at the bats which fluttered and wheeled in wild confusion round their heads. Now and then a bat fell shrieking to the ground, and was picked up and bagged. To describe their clothing would be like describing the snakes in Iceland, and so I must pass on. I was more surprised than displeased to find, that in their excitement they did not seem to notice me or my fires ; but when a bat happened to swoop over in my direction, one of them made after it brandishing his flail, who on approaching the fire, however, paused, as if puzzled and confused as to which he should turn, and then to my horror, dashed straight into it, and with a yell of pain and terror, fell senseless right on top of me. On this the others also paused, turning to the fire and stretching out their hands towards it in wonderment, and thus approached very cautiously, until one or two

of the more hardy, coming so close as to be scorched by the flame, drew back, screaming out, 'Isshtan,' or some such word; whereupon the whole party scampered back to the woods much faster even than they had come. I had now time to attend to my very questionable friend, whom I judged to be more frightened than injured. He was a large, muscular man, with very pronounced features of an Oriental type. The most striking peculiarity about him was the deadly pallor of his skin, and the unearthly whiteness of his long hair and beard. My first thought was to leave him to recover at his leisure, and to esconce myself in some hiding-place among the rocks. But reflection showed me that it was better to risk falling into the hands of cannibals than perhaps to doom myself to perpetual solitude. So I resolved to await his recovery, and to try to enter into communication with him at all costs. Presently he sat up, murmuring some words in a strange tongue, and opened his eyes (which I saw, with some horror, were opaque and motionless, like those of a corpse). I touched him and spoke to him to show, that though a stranger, I was at least a man and a brother. At once he put out his hands, and felt me all over, as a blind man would do; evincing great terror at the nature of my integuments, and was for dashing away again, had he not been deterred by the encircling flames, which he had already learned to dread."

And so our friend succeeds in soothing his fears, and finally wins his confidence by delivering him from his fiery prison, and sending him on his way rejoicing. Here, again, we cannot pause to hear in detail, how, time after time, the aborigines came in great numbers, and carefully armed, to hold parley with this new intruder, whom they are inclined to regard, some as a demon, others as a deity. How they all prove to be sightless, and not to be aware of their privation; how in the course of time our friend's erudition enables him, to his great bewilderment, to class their language as Semitic, as being, in fact, only a slight corruption of Phœnician or old Hebrew; how, when he is able to converse with them more freely, he and they come to a mutual understanding, so that finally he becomes as one of themselves, and all goes on smoothly. We must be content to give a brief summary of what he learnt in the course of his sojourn in that valley of shadows.

These good folk then were denizens of one of the largest

islands in a great subterranean sea, whose waters stretched over a length of some 1,800 miles, and at the widest part were supposed to measure about 1,450 miles, though sometimes narrowing to a strait only 120 miles across. The continuity of this expanse was broken by numerous islands, variously elevated above the surface, many of which rose straight up like huge columns, to merge in the rocky sky above, thus forming massive supports for that somewhat substantial firmament. The elevation of the sky in many places was merely a matter of scientific conjecture, though in others it lowered down within a mile or so of the sea-level. These height-measurements had been determined on acoustic principles from echoes—a method which was only limited by the difficulty of producing noises of sufficient intensity to reach and rebound from a vault so distant. The other dimensions were the result of the recorded experiences of travellers. The sea was navigated by means of huge rafts, which were punted round the coast, or else paddled from island to island—a careful record being kept of every alteration in steering, so that by a reverse process it was always possible, in those calm unruffled waters, to return with wonderful accuracy to the point of departure. Records were preserved on sculptured monuments, many of which were of great antiquity, and almost unintelligible, even to the learned; as a matter of fact, they were inscribed in the old Phœnician character, and threw much light on the history of those ancient races. At present they use clay tablets, and other soft substances, on which they write with a stylus, and in a very much more abbreviated character, which they can read rapidly by passing their finger along the lines. Their power of word-memory was, moreover, so prodigiously sharpened by necessity as to render the illiterate nearly quite as well-informed in their own way as the intelligent British artisan. The same mother of invention had so educated their four senses, that they could distinguish one another at surprising distances by peculiarities of step; and in the matter of scent, possessed to a very high degree all the powers of a sleuth-hound. They were thus able without difficulty to protect themselves from the sightless wild beasts and serpents, against which they carried on a pretty successful war of extermination by means of weapons pointed with flint and bone, which were very deadly in their skilful hands. They could also throw a stone with wonderful accuracy to the spot from which any familiar sound proceeded. The natives of this particular island

all claimed a common descent, and called themselves Bni-Dathan, or children of Dathan ; while those of a large adjacent island, speaking practically the same language, were called the children of Abiram. The Dathanites were simple folk enough, nomads and hunters, each tribe or clan being on friendly terms with the rest. They had a rude code of ten laws, supplemented by a great deal of tradition and custom, apparently of immense antiquity, in which the political and religious elements were so closely intertwined as to be often indistinguishable. Their religion (which they called Korahism, after its reputed founder) bore many striking analogies to that of Israel. A great part of their inscriptions, legends, and traditions (namely, all that had reference to light, colour, and the upper world) was quite intelligible to them, though their priests pretended to understand more about it, and devoted many years to the study of the subject. They offered sacrifices not only to Korah, but also to Dathan and Abiram, the deified fathers of their race, who had been originally denizens of their heaven (which they called Ert-bel-shemesh, or the Land of the Sun-god). Here they were said to have enjoyed, in company with the other gods, a mysterious kind of knowledge called "vision," of which they were deprived at the fall, when, on account of their rebellion against Mosch and Aaron, children of the sun, they had been cast down to earth through a cleft in the firmament. They fondly expected that at the end of time, Korah would come again, and carry them to the upper world, where they would find unending bliss in listening to the sweet and ravishing strains of the sun.

It is not surprising, therefore, that our friend was hailed as the long-expected Korah, that he was sacrificed to, prayed to, hymned to, in spite of his vain efforts to explain his true position. That he possessed the faculty of sight, he could not deny, nor could they doubt. Had he not read inscriptions at a distance, aided by that emanation of the sun-god which he called fire, while they could not detect the faintest whisper proceeding from the monument ? If this was not miraculous, what was ? After a time, however, they began to grow dissatisfied at his perpetual disclaimers of divinity, especially as he either could not, or would not, fulfil their expectations ; they grew weary and puzzled with the wild unintelligible accounts he gave of himself and his religion ; and presently sinister whisperings suggested that he might after all be a malevolent



demon ; so that in a short time the people fled from him, the priests anathematized him, and altogether his life was made so miserable, that disguising himself in the national costume, he took a raft, and paddled away to the land of the Abiramites, some sixty miles distant. Here he was able almost at once to put himself *en rapport* with the people, of whom many were highly civilized, dwelling in cities, as luxurious as could be expected under the circumstances. They had their savants, their antiquaries, men of science and letters, belonging as a rule to the upper classes ; while religion was confined almost exclusively to the common people and serfs. We may be sure that our good friend at first said nothing whatever about his superior endowments, but conducted himself in all respects as a Dathanite tourist on a holiday ramble. Owing, however, to his erudition and scientific attainments, he had no difficulty in introducing himself to the notice of some of the leading men of the place, one of whom, a certain Ebd-Korah, or, as he preferred to be called, Ebd-Daath (servant of science), became in a particular manner his friend, and furnished him with some of the following details about the Abiramites.

Their progress in civilization during the last three centuries had been marked by a growing hostility between the savants and the priests. The masses were for the most part steeped in what the learned called superstition. This anti-religious movement was no doubt much fostered by the practical inconsistencies of the Korahites, and their internal dissensions on doctrinal matters. Three centuries ago the Abiramites held the same form of Korahism as the Dathanites, but at that time there arose a prophet professing to have found the only true explanation of the monuments, the only true theory of vision. Light, he said, was a very complicated noise, so terribly loud as to be quite inaudible to weak mortal ears ; black was a deep discordant sound, white was high and harmonious ; the other colours intermediate in both respects. After him arose other prophets, who flouted these doctrines, and explained that black was bitter and sour, white was sweet and savoury ; or that black was as solid and heavy as a rock, white was light and flimsy as dry sand ; or that black was cold and clammy, white warm and dry ; while some of the Dathanite priests published a series of metaphysical tablets, proving elaborately that black was black, and white was white ; to which *eirenicon* a learned savant replied that, though this might hold in a world where what is true is true, we had no

right to assume that it would be so in a world where what is true is false—which of course was unanswerable.

The savants explained in answer to difficulties suggested by our friend, that the early monuments were the work of priests in a ruder age, when the critical spirit was yet unborn, and powers of observation undeveloped; when men in all good faith could scarce distinguish between their dreams and their waking experiences; that the religion of the priests was full of manifest absurdities; for example, the creation of the world—that is, of space—was simply unthinkable; just as it was obviously impossible to enlarge the existing void wherein they dwelt, since whatever was quarried from its walls must be placed elsewhere, so that the cubic measurement of the vault must ever remain constant. There might be other world-caverns, but there was no evidence as yet for such a supposition. The world of the sun-god was another glaring contradiction. Who, pray, could imagine a hole without any sides to it? It was quite evident that the solid rock extended to infinity, since no one could imagine any point at which it should cease, and give place to an infinite cavern.

This boundless solid was the great unknowable, out of whose substance all things were made, and in whose bosom all spaces existed by an eternal necessity. Finally, could anything be more ridiculous than this fiction of *sight*, a gift which no one could really and sincerely desire, since no one has had, or can have, any experience of it? could anything be more hurtful to progress and civilization than to teach men to despise the good things of the present in the delusive hope of an impossible future felicity?

In conformity with their convictions, the Government had determined to put down such superstitions at all costs. And so, under the specious pretext of toleration and promoting the interests of religion in general, convened a synod of all the sects, with a view of authorizing any doctrine which had the approval of three-fourths of the assembly, and proscribing all others under pain of banishment. The result was, that it was permissible to hold that something or other ought to be believed, though it was strictly forbidden to say what. As this seemed to leave the first principle of superstition intact, they proceeded to bring in a measure for the abolition of all temples and religious edifices, whose dimensions were such as to give offence even to one-third of the religious community. But as some

were in favour of high and narrow structures, others of low and narrow ; some of high and broad, others of low and broad ; as some wished to have them as broad as they were long, others as long as they were broad, the final issue was their total destruction throughout the land.

Seeing then that the priests and believers were to be subjected to such a blind and bitter persecution, our friend thought it his duty to use all his influence to secure for them at least a broad-minded toleration ; and from first endeavouring to persuade his learned host (one of the leading senators) that sight was by no means an obvious absurdity, he went on at last to confide to him the history of his whole life up to that very moment. His narrative was received at first with contemptuous incredulity, afterwards with pity and feigned sympathy, as the ravings of a lunatic. So to confirm his words, he offered to prove experimentally, that at least he possessed what they would consider miraculous powers. He wished to make this crucial test of as public a nature as possible. He would undertake to read at a distance any inscription under any conditions which they should deem necessary to preclude all suspicion of fraud, or of collusion with the priests.

Accordingly, on the next day a vast crowd of savants assembled in the public council-cave, as well as a still greater crowd of Korahists, who were kept at a distance, where they howled out oraisons and invocations to their gods for the vindication of their religion, thinking, as the Dathanites had done, that this might be the great Korah himself come on earth again.

And now all was ready ; an inscribed tablet was held at a distance of about ten feet ; fuel for a fire was provided, when lo ! our friend suddenly bethought him with horror, that in changing his attire, when fleeing from the Dathanites, he had left his box of vestas in his waistcoat-pocket.

Words cannot depict the scene of confusion which followed : the indignant contempt of the savants ; the rage and disappointment of the Korahites, to whom the worthy gentleman was delivered up to be stoned, according to the ancient mode of punishing blasphemers. He was bound to a rock, while some hundred or more armed themselves with stones, and stood in a line at a short distance from him, awaiting the signal. "After a horrible second of suspense," he writes, "I was conscious of a violent concussion of the brain ; I opened my eyes, to find that my sleepy head had bobbed down on the edge of the table. My

lamp was still burning ; I looked at my watch, and found that I had been asleep exactly four minutes and a quarter ; and having jotted down in a few notes the results of my fantastic ramble, I betook me to bed, and slept dreamlessly till morning."

And now, most patient readers, you may be inclined to ask, not without indignation, to what end is all this ? Why should our credulity be taxed, our sense of propriety shocked, our feelings harrowed, and all for the sake of a hideous nightmare, begotten of a queasy stomach and a disordered imagination ?

Yet think a moment, and perhaps you will forgive me. For to travel, even in one's dreams, will not be fruitless, if thereby we see ourselves and our deformities mirrored in the sayings and doings of others, and are led accordingly to correct in ourselves what we reprehend in them. We do not then blame the learned savants for adhering tenaciously to all those principles and conclusions which their reason enabled them to abstract from the data furnished to them by their four senses ; nor for demanding from the Korahites a reasonable proof of their religious traditions and beliefs ; but we do very rightly censure them for that most contemptible of all superstitions, that "intellectual geocentrism" which led them to regard as a certain axiom, the impossibility of any higher modes of knowledge than those with which they themselves were endowed ; and thence to reject at once the pretensions of the Korahites, as intrinsically repugnant, and not worthy of serious consideration. We blame them for not recognizing that, in many things, the traditions and direct natural inferences of the illiterate are likely to be of more value than the complex and artificial processes of overwrought, weary minds, beclouded with sophisms. We do not blame them on account of their zeal for science, progress, and civilization ; but for that narrow spirit of concentration which led them to despise all knowledge outside their own department ; just as we detest that patriotism which leads a man to speak slightly of other nationalities than his own. We blame them for arguing from the possibility, to the existence of fraud on the part of the priests ; and from its existence in certain cases, to its existence in all.

Now, though in all probability Korah, Dathan, and Abiram did not survive the catastrophe related in the Book of Numbers, still we know of another fall from a brighter and better world into a dark abyss ; of a greater privation than that of vision ;

of a thicker veil interposed between us and the source of life and light, of a religion and a priesthood which claims to possess an authentic record of the past, and a key to the future; of sages and savants; self-styled "servants of science," but in truth slaves of a superstition more deadly and dark, because so very specious and subtle. All this we know and are familiar with, yet to have seen the old picture in a new and fantastic frame, or to have, as it were, inverted ourselves in order to receive the impression on a fresh part of the retina, will undoubtedly help to awaken us to a new consciousness of an absurdity, to which we have become accustomed by long gazing. And with this apology I humbly take my leave of you.

G. TYRRELL.

## *The Scythe and the Sword.*

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A ROMANCE OF OSGOLDCROSS.

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### CHAPTER V.

#### OF MY FIRST GOING TO SCHOOL.

Upon the very evening of the day whereon I had buried Philip Lisle's guinea in a corner of my garden, there came to our house Parson Drumbleforth, who had walked along the highway from Darrington to hold converse with my father and mother. And our Lucy, seeing him approach from afar off, ran quickly indoors, and told my mother, who immediately caused a fire to be lighted in the best parlour, the spring evenings being oft-times chilly for old bones, and Parson Drumbleforth having got past his vigour. So presently he came in sight, and advanced along the garden walks, and was met at the door by my mother with a respectful courtesy. But he would have nought of the best parlour.

"Let me go into your own chamber, Mistress Dale," said he, "where is, I know, such an easy chair as would fit judge or bishop, let alone a humble clerk, and where the fire hath burnt all day. Your best parlour, sure, is very fine accommodation, but cold, mistress, cold."

"Why, surely," said my mother, "and I had known your Reverence was coming there should have been a fire lighted hours ago. However, my own parlour hath had a fire in it since noon."

Whereupon she led him to the easy chair in her own room, and Lucy and myself followed in and paid our respects to the Vicar, and admired his white bands and the silver buckles of his shoes, and looked at his staff, which was a clouded cane with a heavy silver knob of great value. And the parson having stretched forth his hands to the blaze, and asked us how we did, and if we were faithful in our duties to our parents, I was sent forth into the yard to find my father, who had gone out



awhile before to consult Timothy Grass and Jacob Trusty about certain yearlings which he had just bought at Wakefield fair. And finding him, he at once broke off his discourse and went into the house and greeted the Vicar, and brought forth tobacco and pipes, and they both smoked, and my mother went into the kitchen and made a pitcher of mulled ale, of which grateful drink Parson Drumbleforth was an admirer. And my father and the Vicar discussed of the weather, and the crop of lambs, and the prospect of the coming harvests, hay and corn, and Lucy and I listened and strove hard to behave ourselves with propriety. And the mulled ale having been brought in and the glasses filled, the Vicar pledged us all and commended the drink mightily, after which the pitcher was put on the hob to keep warm, and my mother sat down to her needle.

"Master and Mistress Dale," presently said Parson Drumbleforth, "I am come here to-night on an important matter. Ye have here a great lad—stand up, William, my child, and let us look at thee; why, thou art nearly to my shoulder already!—ye have here, I say, a great lad, who is fast growing towards manhood."

"Oh, sir!" cried my mother. "Manhood! Why, 'tis but a child."

"Softly, softly, mistress. I say manhood, and rightly. For before ye see the change he will be a youth, and then a man, aye, and a bigger man than his father."

"He will, he will," said my father. "Aye, he will be an inch bigger than I am, all ways. However, I am six foot three in my stockings."

"'Tis a fine lad, indeed," said Parson Drumbleforth, measuring me with a critical eye. "Wherefore the greater responsibility resteth upon you."

"Your own boy, sir, Master John, is a big-made boy, too," said my mother, anxious to return the Vicar's compliments.

"So, so. A sturdy knave is Jack, and strong enough, but rather broad than long. However, your mention of Jack, Mistress Dale, brings me back to where I set out from. It is time, Master Dale, that this great lad went to school."

"He hath learnt from me, sir," said my mother, looking anxiously at me. "What I could teach him he hath learnt, so that now he can read his Catechism in the Prayer Book, and knoweth his duty, and —"

"Mistress Dale," interrupted Parson Drumbleforth, "I know

well that you are a scholar, and able to impart knowledge to your children. As for this little maiden, let her continue to learn from her mother. But as for Will here, let him to school, where men will teach him, and he will mix with his fellows."

"But, sir," said my mother, "there is no school at hand. For it is too far for him to walk twice a day 'twixt here and Pontefract."

"Then he must board with the master, my good friend Dr. Parsons," said Parson Drumbleforth. "He will not charge you overmuch for the lad's eating and sleeping. On a Saturday let him come home, so that he may enjoy the benefit of my ministry on a Sunday, and on a Monday morning let him be off again bright and early."

"He hath never slept away from home in his life," said my mother. "And I always fear damp beds in strange houses. Our own, sir, if not slept in for awhile, are aired for days before we use them again, but all folks are not so particular."

"Tut, tut, mistress, the beds will be aired, I warrant. Mistress Parsons is a careful housewife. What say'st thou, Master Dale?"

"I am for the lad to go," said my father. "'Twill do him no harm to live with others of his age."

"'Tis a good school, the Queen's School at Pontefract," said the Vicar. "My own lad, Jack, hath been there since Christmas, and though somewhat of a wooden-head, he hath picked up a good deal. Would'st like to go with Jack to school, Will?"

"Yes, sir, very much," I answered.

And in the end it was decided that I should go, and my father promised to ride into Pontefract the next morning, and there make arrangements with Dr. Parsons about my board and lodging in the master's house. And so overjoyed was I at the prospect that I could hardly sleep that night. But early next morning I rose and sought out Jacob Trusty, and told him the news.

"Thou wilt have to fight, William," said he, "yea, thou wilt have to fight. However, I have no fear for thee. And when thou hast fought and beaten the biggest lad in the school, thou wilt be much respected. For in going through the world, William, boy, thou wilt see one thing, namely, that men never so much respect their fellows as when the same have shown their power. Wherefore remember to hit hard and straight, and to care nothing for what thou gettest in return."

And then returned my father from Pontefract, with news that he had made arrangements with Dr. Parsons, and I was to go the next Monday ; and he had seen Mrs. Parsons, who had promised faithfully to see that my bed was duly aired, upon which assurance my mother plucked up some small comfort, though she was not at all reconciled to the idea of parting with me. And after that all was hurry and bustle in our house, for my mother must see to my new shirts and handkerchiefs, and Lucy must broider my name upon each article, and there was repairing of garments and washing and ironing, so that, as my father said, I might have been going on a voyage to the Indies instead of only to Pontefract. But I have observed that mothers do take a pleasure in making a fuss after their children, and are never so pleased as when busying themselves in that way. It is something which a man cannot understand, but women with children to care for understand it readily.

And so the Monday morning came round, and Timothy Grass harnessed one of the horses to our light spring cart, and my box was put therein and my father took the reins, and I kissed my mother and Lucy, with many admonitions to the latter to take care of my dog Rover, whom I had perforce to leave behind me, and away we drove down the road. I felt an important personage that morning, for I had not only a new suit of homespun upon me, but in the pockets of my breeches there lay a new crown piece given me by my mother, and a shilling presented to me by Lucy, and Jacob Trusty had given me a knife which I had often envied him the possession of, and which had three blades and a pick for taking stones out of a horse's hoof.

On the road between Darrington and Pontefract we came upon Master John Drumbleforth, who was trudging his way to school. My father pulled up the horse, and civilly inquired if Master John would accept of a lift, a question which he at once answered by climbing into the spring cart.

"Why," said he, "I had at any time sooner ride than walk, as you may well imagine, Master Dale. And so thou art going to school, Will? Well, I will look after thee, if need be."

He was a rather solid, heavy-looking lad, this Jack Drumbleforth, with a round shining face, and big limbs, but no great height. Unlike his father, the Vicar, he was no deep nor apt scholar, but rather delighted in sports and games, and in an outdoor life. Nevertheless, he was not so dull as to lack

observation, and knowing that learning is a thing which helps every man that strives to obtain it, he worked hard, in a plodding laboured fashion, and acquired some knowledge. There were lads of his own age of more brilliant parts, who dashed ahead at a great pace, and could write Latin verses ere ever Jack Drumbleforth had mastered his *hic hæc hoc*, but in the end the tortoise caught the hare, for though Jack was undeniably slow he was very sure.

The new world into which I was now plunged furnished me with much matter of surprise and wonder. Until that time I had seen little of the world, my observations having been confined to an occasional visit to Pontefract market with my parents, which excursions had been great events in my life, and were eagerly expected and pleasurably regretted. Now, however, I was thrown into the company of some hundred and twenty lads, whose ages ranged from ten to fifteen years. Also I was brought under the rule of the Reverend Dr. Parsons, the head master, and his assistants, who were younger men, but also scholars and clergymen, and exceeding grave. There was also Mrs. Parsons, the Doctor's wife, who was a motherly lady, and took as much care of us who lived in the head master's house as if we had been her own children. For if we needed it she dosed us with medicine, and if one did cut or bruise himself she repaired the damage with lint or oils, and there were poulticings for colds and gruel for such as were unfit for stronger meat, and the weakly were tended with much care. Because of all these things good Mrs. Parsons was much thought of by the lads, and highly respected by their parents. She was a little bustling woman, always cheerful and always ready, and I have since thought that she manifested the greater care for us because it had not pleased Providence that she should have children of her own.

As for Dr. Parsons, he was a little man, somewhat stout, very nimble and active, red-faced and smiling, a strict master, never sparing the birch, and always just in his decisions; wherefore there was hardly a lad in the school who did not feel that praise or punishment was properly meted out. For he confused not the sharp lad with the slow, and made a fine distinction between them that attained knowledge by leaps and bounds, and them that reached it by gradual and constant labour. The dull lad who plodded on patiently met in him a kind and indulgent master; the clever but idle boy received

from him a vast amount of watching and of castigation. Half-done work he could not abide, and would rather have had a slow lad work at a task for two hours and know it than see a more sharp-witted one master it in ten minutes.

"Thou art a great lad, William Dale," said Dr. Parsons to me, when my father had bidden me farewell and departed, "and I doubt not thy mind runneth more on birds' nests and such-like than on learning. Nay, lad, that is but natural, and none but a fool would have it otherwise. I shall not plague thee overmuch with learning. This counsel, however, I give thee—what thou dost learn, learn well, and be not ashamed if it takes thee two days to master what a sharper lad would master in one. It is better to know why a thing is done than how it is done. Get to the bottom of everything. Let me see thee working steadily, eating thy meals with a good appetite, and behaving towards me and thy fellows as to thy parents and sister. So shall I be satisfied with thee, William. And now, perchance thou wilt get fighting with some of these lads of mine. Well, 'tis one of those things which our perverse human nature prompteth us to. However, William Dale, bear this in mind—never fight until thou art bound to do so. Be not the aggressor. He that gives cause of offence deserveth punishing. So when thou art forced to fight, fight not in anger, but with cool temper, and remember that a shot straight out from the left shoulder is a wonderful thing to cool down thy adversary. And now let us to school."

When I had had time to look round me, I discovered that of all my new associates there were but two of whom I had any knowledge. One of these was John Drumbleforth, the other was Dennis Watson, the son of that Watson of Castle Hill to whom I have already made reference as being the enemy of my family. This Dennis was a lad somewhat my senior, of a dark and rather forbidding countenance, very masterful, and apt to bear malice against any who fell under his displeasure. Save that I had now and then seen him about his father's land I knew nothing of him. Between a Dale and a Watson there was never any speech. If we did but meet in the highways we passed each other without word or look. Wherefore I was not over-well pleased to find Dennis Watson amongst my school-mates. For though I had been taught to hate no man, yet I had a hearty dislike to any representative of the race which had been our enemies for many a generation.

Out of consideration for my newness, Mrs. Parsons put me to sleep in the chamber in which slept Jack Drumbleforth and two other boys of a like age. With these three I naturally became closely acquainted. The name of one of my new room-mates was Thomas Thorpe, the son of a steward on one of the neighbouring great estates; the other was Benjamin Tuckett, nephew of Mr. John Tuckett, the grocer in the market-place. Ben Tuckett had neither father nor mother, and his uncle's wife, having an objection to great boys in the home, Ben was sent to Dr. Parsons' until he should be of an age to be apprenticed to some trade. He was a round-faced, pleasant tempered lad, always lively, always willing to do any one a good turn, so that he was universally liked. Between Ben and me and Tom Thorpe and Jack Drumbleforth grew up a strong friendship, which lasted a many years, or till death severed it.

Now from the very first day of my going to school, Dennis Watson made a dead set at me, pouring out upon me as it were all the hatred and malice which his house had for mine. Being somewhat more experienced of the world than I—for he had been at school two years when I went there—he had an advantage over me in some respects, and failed not to use it. He had a following of his own amongst the boys, all those who served under his leadership being noted as comprising the evilly-disposed portion of our little community. Presently it became the fashion among these lads to make sport of me, annoying me in whatever way their ingenuity could devise. Thus, if I were engaged in preparing my tasks, I should find a pot of ink spilt over my fair copies, or if I were playing with my fellows in the yard, some one would rudely knock me over, as if by accident. Howbeit, being of an easy nature, I took little notice of these matters until one day came when, by the advice of my three room-mates, I determined to stand it no longer. So when one of Dennis Watson's men, as if by accident, trod rudely on my toes, I seized him by the collar, and marched him up to where Dennis and his chief associates were standing together. And then I think the whole school saw that something was about to happen, for it gathered round us, and I suddenly found Jack Drumbleforth and Ben Tuckett at my elbow, and Tom Thorpe making his way to me through the throng.

"Now," said I, shaking the boy, a small one, who had stamped upon my toes, "the next time you, or any other, treads on me, or spills ink on my paper, or makes other like mistake, I



shall take his head, and knock it against the wall! That is fair warning."

Then Dennis Watson laughed in a sneering fashion, and his mates echoed him.

"Pooh!" quoth he; "we all know that William Dale has not heart to fight even a small boy, let alone one his own size."

"Do you?" I said, going straight to him; "then, Dennis Watson, as you are older than I, and as big, I will fight you now."

But he would have kept out of that if he could. Nevertheless, his own party edged him on to fight, and mine insisted on it, and presently we were all behind the school-wall, and our seconds were holding our coats. And I, remembering the Doctor's counsel to keep cool, kept cool as long as I could, and at the right moment I gave my opponent one from the left shoulder which spoiled his looks for many a day. And after that there was no more teasing of me, but I was much respected.

Two days afterwards came Dennis Watson to me, as I crossed the playground alone. "Will Dale," said he, with a strange look of hatred on his face, "I hate you, and always shall. And however long I live, I will cause you such trouble as will make you wish you had never been born."

Now at the time I made light of this threat, and laughed at it. But I remembered it many a time in the years which followed.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### OF THE DISPUTE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

IT was in the middle of spring when I was first taken to school, and my life till the end of the following summer was comparatively uneventful. On Saturdays I went home, to tell Jacob Trusty of my doings during the week, and to receive his counsel and admonition on various matters. Those week-end visits home were great events. On the Saturday I visited all my old haunts, took out my dog, saw to my garden, and went round the farmstead renewing acquaintance with man and beast. On the Sunday we went to church as usual. Then came Monday morning again, and I wended my way to school once more, generally catching up Jack Drumbleforth on the road. Having

fought and beaten Dennis Watson, there was little else left me to do in that line, for no lad of my own age and size cared to fight with me, and the elder lads were, of course, above battling with their junior. So I went on with my tasks in a steady and laborious fashion, not being overready of perception, but still determined to do what lay in me. In this manner of life the months passed on quietly. But just as summer was over, and we had brought home the last load of the corn-harvest, there came matters which changed the whole course of my life.

I have already told you that between the Watsons of Castle Hill and the Dales of Dale's Field there was an ancient root of contention in the shape of a piece of land lying between our respective estates. The ownership of this, which was but a strip of meadow, had been disputed 'twixt Dale and Watson for many a generation, though neither side had ever sought the aid of the law in order to settle matters once and for all. Formerly, if one house had sent flocks to graze on the debateable ground, the other had forthwith driven the offending animals away. Sometimes blows had arisen from this proceeding, and the servants from each farmstead had turned out with quarter-staff or cudgel, and fought fiercely one with another. But for nearly fifty years previous to my time, neither side had claimed the land, though both were equally careful that no right of way should be established across it by third parties. Yet although matters had been quiet, the red spirit of dislike and resentment ran strong as ever, and of all men in that neighbourhood, Rupert Watson of Castle Hill was the only one that my father never held speech with.

It was the first week of September, 1631, and by permission of Dr. Parsons I had come home from school on the Thursday, in order to be present at our harvest-supper, which was a great event, and not to be missed on any account. There were gathered together on that occasion all our servants, male and female, all that ever worked for us on odd days during the year, such as at turnip-hoeing or sheep-shearing times, and with them came their wives and families, so that our great barn was well filled. There were also two or three farmers of our acquaintance from the neighbouring villages, and sometimes Parson Drumbleforth was present to hallow the ceremony, as he indeed was upon this occasion, and with him Jack, who had been permitted to beg off from school. Great doings there were at our harvest-supper, namely, an abundance of provisions and good cheer,

and after that dancing to the music of the village fiddler, who sat on a tub in the centre, and played for all he was worth until neither man nor maiden could dance any longer. Nor were the horses forgotten, which had worked so hard during the harvest-month, for they on that night had each an extra feed of corn.

On this particular occasion, when the supper was well over, and Tom Treddle, the fiddler, had just got into the swing of his first tune, Will White, the miller of Smeaton, drew my father aside into a corner, and began to talk to him.

"I am afraid, Master Dale," said Will, "that you are going to have trouble," and he nodded his head in the direction of the woods that bound our farm.

"What is it, Will?" asked my father.

"Why, certainly," answered the miller, "'tis none of my business, and maybe I ought not to meddle with it. But you see my nearest way from home to your place here, Master Dale, lies across the fields. Now, as I came along to-night, I saw that Rupert Watson has turned out his horses into that piece of land which he says is his, and which you say is yours. So therefore I say, I fear there will be trouble."

"Trouble there will be!" answered my father. "And I am sorry for it, for the old sore has lain unopened these fifty years, and should have healed for what I would have done. But Rupert Watson must not turn his cattle on my land. Well, join the dancers, good Will, and I will consider what's to be done."

Now it was not easy to decide upon a course of action, because there was sure to be trouble, whatever conduct were pursued. For if my father patiently suffered Rupert Watson's horses to occupy the land, it would amount to an acknowledgment that the land was not ours; and if, on the other hand, he drove them away, there would be resistance on the part of the Watsons, and then would come fighting. However, by the time the dancers had all tired, and the folks were nearly all gone home, my father had made up his mind. So he called up to him Jacob Trusty and Timothy Grass and Reuben Larkspur, and all our regular labourers, ten men and youths in all, and began to talk to them in the barn. "Lads," said he, "ye know that there is a strip of meadow-land lying between Watson's estate and mine which we both claim? Mine I believe it to be, else I would not claim it. It hath always been understood to be mine, as Jacob here will tell you."

"Dale's land it was, and is, and always will be," said Jacob.

"Well," continued my father, "for fifty years the matter has been quiet, but Rupert Watson has seen fit to break the peace at last. To-night he has turned his horses into the land in question, thinking no doubt that our merry-making would prevent us from noticing the matter. However, Miller White saw them, and told me of it. Now I am not going to allow Rupert Watson's horses to feed on my lands. Nor will I simply turn them out. I will take such measure as will lead, I doubt not, to a final settlement of this matter. What say you, Jacob?"

"It hath gone on long enough," said Jacob; "let it be settled and done with."

"'Tis good counsel. Now, lads, there are ten of ye, and I make eleven. Take each of ye a good stout staff, lest we be attacked, and then follow me, and we will take Rupert Watson's horses, and put them into pound at Darrington. Then he will have to settle with the pinder ere he can regain them, and if he likes to take the law of me, he is welcome."

So the men, with much approval, went for their staffs, and prepared to carry out my father's wishes.

Now, as it happened, Parson Drumbleforth had gone home a good three hours before that, but Jack had remained to sleep at our house, and he and I had lurked in a dark corner of the barn to hear what my father said to the men. When we heard of the proposed expedition against Rupert Watson's horses, nothing would content us but that we must go. And knowing that if we asked leave we should not get it, we waited till all had left the barn, and then ran away into the fields, and hid under a hedge until my father and his men came along, behind whom we followed in the moonlight until we reached the debatable strip of land, and saw the horses, twelve in number, cropping the grass. We had expected that some spy would have been sent by Rupert Watson to watch over the horses, in case of an attack, but he, fancying we should all be busy with the harvest-supper, had left them alone, and our men had no difficulty in surrounding them and driving them away. Then Jack and I ran home as hard as possible, and had only just retired to bed when my father came in to tell my mother that the younger men had taken the horses to the pin-fold at Darrington.

The next day passed away peacefully enough with us, but towards night came one from Darrington, who told us that at

npon Rupert Watson had ridden up in a great passion, and had demanded his horses of the pinder, and threatened all manner of violence against those who had impounded them. To whom the pinder, being in the right, and having the law behind him, made answer that he knew nought of the rights or wrongs of the dispute 'twixt Dales and Watsons, but that the horses being come into his pound, should not go thence until the pinning-fee were paid. Which fee Rupert Watson was forced in the end to disburse, and departed vowing vengeance on us Dales root and branch. When my mother heard this she was troubled, but my father bade her be of good cheer.

On the Saturday morning, I accompanied my father to market, my mother staying at home, which, as events proved, was a fortunate thing, for she would have been sore put about by the scene which followed our arrival in the market-place. It was rather late when we reached the town, and after putting up our horse and cart, went into the street to do our business, and the frequenters of the market were already gathered in full force about the Butter Cross and the Beast Fair. My father had said, as we came along, that he should probably have some words with Rupert Watson if they met, and I was therefore on the look-out for our enemy, but for a long time I saw nothing of him. In such a small place, however, we were bound to meet him, and meet him we did, as we went to dine at the ordinary. For there he stood on the steps of the inn, a tall, dark-faced man, with a look of anger and hatred on his countenance, which reminded me of his son Dennis.

Rupert Watson saw us coming along the street, and I saw him square himself so as to fill the doorway of the inn. There were some twenty or thirty farmers standing round, and they, knowing what had taken place, looked on with much curiosity as my father drew near.

"Keep by me, Will," said my father; "thou shalt come to no harm—nor shall I for that matter."

When we were a few yards from him, Rupert Watson broke out upon my father in a loud voice, so that men came running along the market-place and from the shambles, to see who it was that caused such a commotion.

"So, Master Dale!" shouted Rupert Watson; "so you dare to show your face here after your work t'other night! It were better, perhaps, that you were in gaol for a horse-thief. A pretty jest, to steal another's cattle and clap them into pound!

An' you and your men had not been drunk with your rioting, I would take the law of you!"

Then my father stood squarely in front of him, and looked Rupert Watson in the face. "Master Watson," said he, "when you talk of jest and riot, I understand you not. What I do understand is this—that you turned your horses upon my land, from whence I removed them to the parish pound. And I warn you, Master Watson, in the presence of these gentlemen, that this I shall do again if ever you offend in like manner."

Then the cloud on Rupert Watson's face grew black indeed, and he poured upon my father a torrent of vulgar abuse. "Thy land!" quoth he. "Land of thine or thy fathers it never was. And I will turn my cattle upon it this night, and if thou, or any of thy men, dare to set foot upon the land, I will shoot the trespassers through the head!"

"Master Watson," said my father, "I care nothing for your threats. What I can do for myself, I will do; what I cannot do, the law shall do for me."

"Aye, aye," said some one in the crowd; "law is a good word. Your two families have disputed this matter for generations; why not go to law, and have done with it?"

"As for shooting of men through the head," said another, "'tis poor talk, and I trow the magistrates would have somewhat to say to it."

"Who asked thy counsel?" said Rupert Watson. "A man has a right to defend his own, hath he not? The land, I say, is mine."

"I neither know nor care whose the land is," said an old farmer at our elbow; "but this I do know, Rupert, that thou hast never put cattle on it since Castle Hill came into thy hands. Why hast suddenly fallen in love with it? 'Tis but an acre or two at most."

"The land, I say, is mine," said Rupert Watson once more. "And mine it shall be. So look to yourself, William Dale, for if I find you, or yours, setting foot upon it I will shoot you, I say, as I would a dog!"

"I care not for your threatening, Master Watson," answered my father. "You may take your own course. But if ever I find cattle of yours on my land again, into the parish pound they will go. And now stand aside, and let me and my lad pass."

And therewith he strode up on a sudden, and Rupert



Watson, with one glance at his great form and determined face, slunk out of the doorway, and we went inside the inn, and dined at the ordinary. And while we were dining, I saw Rupert Watson enter, and retire into a corner with a little person whose manners reminded me of a weasel. My father told me this was Lawyer Sharp of Wakefield.

"'Tis the most unscrupulous attorney that ever lived, Will, boy," said my father, "and I doubt not he and Watson are contriving some scheme against me, which they are welcome to do. I care for nothing of their invention."

It was vastly to my liking that most of those to whom we spoke that day sided with my father, and condemned Rupert Watson, both for turning out his horses on the debateable piece of land, and likewise for creating a disturbance at the inn-door. For though no man, not even the oldest, could rightly say if the land belonged to Dales or to Watsons, they yet remembered that for fifty years the trouble had been allowed to rest, and that it was now revived through no fault of my father's.

"Rupert Watson," said the old farmer, who had spoken at the inn-door, "is in the wrong this time. Let sleeping dogs lie, say I. Now he has stirred the dog up, and must not complain if it show its teeth. But mind you, Master Dale, I know not if the land be yours or his."

"It has always been held to be ours in our family," said my father.

"Aye, marry, and to be theirs in their family. My advice is, go to law, if ye can settle it in no different fashion. Though law is but a parlous method of deciding a question like yon. Whether ye lose or win, the lawyers will have your money."

"It is for him to decide," said my father; "I shall do nothing—only this, that if he sends his cattle on the land again, I shall again put them into pound."

So we went home that Saturday, and that evening, and for many a following evening, strict watch was kept upon the narrow strip of meadow-land, for my father was determined that every inch of his acres should be protected. But Rupert Watson made no further movement, and the weeks passed by till it was October, and we heard no more of the matter.

Nevertheless our enemy—for I can call him by no other name, considering his deeds—was not idle in his efforts to vex and annoy us. For one Saturday, early in October, as I was talking to Jacob Trusty in the fold, there came riding in at our

gate a man on a brown mare, whose face was strange to both of us, and who immediately hailed us with an inquiry if this were Dale's Field? I said yes, whereupon he consulted a paper which he drew from his vest, and then asked if William Dale were about, to which I answered that my father was at market, and would not be home until five or six o'clock.

"Then I must needs get off my horse, lad," said the stranger, "and wait his return. Dost think a feed of corn could be found for my horse? He has carried me four-and-twenty miles this morning, and needs a rest."

I handed the horse over to one of our lads, and conducted the stranger into the house, where he was received by my mother, to whom he made a very polite bow.

"Master Dale, mistress, is not at home, I understand, but will return anon. With your permission I will rest myself until he comes, for I cannot go away until I have seen him. I am a sheriff's officer, and have a writ to serve upon him at the suit of one Rupert Watson."

So it seemed that our enemy was going to have the law of us after all.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### OF OUR COMING FROM YORK.

MY mother, woman-like, was somewhat disturbed at the idea of having aught to do with law matters, and she looked exceedingly grave when the sheriff's officer announced his mission. But my father coming home a little later made light of the matter, and bade the man sit down and eat and drink, and conversed with him on the weather and similar matters, so that the bearer of Rupert Watson's writ presently departed much fortified in mind and body.

"It is the best thing that could have happened," said my father, talking to my mother about the matter, "for now the question will be decided and done with. If the law says the land is mine, mine it will be for ever; if 'tis Rupert Watson's, then the law will say so. And perhaps the old enmity between us will die out. I have no wish to live in strife with any man."

"For all that," said my mother, "you will never be friendly with Rupert Watson. For he has a bad heart, and is a cruel man, and with such I am sure you will never agree."

"Friends, perhaps not," answered my father. "But it might come to us exchanging a good-day like Christians, instead of riding by on the highroad as if we were sworn enemies. However, if this matter be settled, our children may live at peace and even friendship, if Rupert and I never do."

Now I knew that could never be, because Dennis had sworn that he would hate me for ever, and I knew he meant it. Nothing, I felt sure, would ever make Dennis forgive me for thrashing him, and I, on my part, felt no desire to make friends with him. I had an instinctive dislike for Dennis, and felt that oil and water would mix sooner than he and I. However, I said nothing of this to my father or mother.

When Jacob Trusty heard of the law proceedings, he exercised much thought upon the matter and often discussed it with me of a Saturday afternoon.

"That the land is ours," said Jacob Trusty, "is certain, and yet it would sore puzzle and moyther my head to give good reason for thinking so. Thy great-grandfather and thy grandfather, William, always claimed that land, and thy father claimed it after them. But then the grandfather of this black-faced Watson likewise claimed it. Wherefore the difficulty was the same in those days. Ah! many a bloody head there hath been over that strip of meadow-land. For sixty years ago either Dale or Watson was for ever driving cattle on it, and if it were a Dale, then a Watson came forth and drove them off, and if it were a Watson, he had to reckon with a Dale, and first there were words, and then were blows, and then there was a stiff fight, and if there were no heads broken, 'twas not for want of hard hitting. Howbeit, in thy grandfather's time and in thy father's, matters have been quiet and peaceable."

"Shall we win the day, do you think, Jacob?" I asked.

"Nay, lad, who can tell? One thing I can tell thee without doubt, and that is, that the men who will profit by this matter are the lawyers. Whether thy father win or lose, or Rupert Watson lose or win, the lawyers will fill their pockets. Wherefore, William, boy, as thou goest through the world, mark one thing, namely, that whenever two men fall out, there will always be a third man whose interest it will be to keep up the strife. For while John and Thomas are disputing as to which of them shall have the egg, Richard comes up and eats it out of hand. Such is law, out of which thou wilt do well to keep."

Nevertheless, it was necessary that my father should employ

the services of an attorney, and he therefore placed his case in the hands of Lawyer Hook, who had managed all his difficult matters for many years. Mr. Hook was considerably exercised in his own mind over this dispute 'twixt the Dales and Watsons, for he could not lay his hands on anything which served to decide the matter in our favour. Neither was he able to see how judge and jury could settle the matter. "For indeed, Master Dale," said he, having ridden over one afternoon to talk with my father, "the evidence for and against is as conflicting as any I ever knew. You say on your side that your family hath always claimed the land, and you bring half a score of ancient gaffers and gammers to say the same. Now Rupert Watson saith that it hath always been matter of certainty in his family that the land is theirs, and he too bringeth various old folk to support him. However, we shall, may be, find light somewhere. In any case, I fear it will cost you a pretty penny, and unless you have some great love for the land—'tis, I understand, but a narrow strip—I would let it go."

But my father would not hear of that. He had no mind to throw away his money in law, but he would not yield a yard of the land his fathers had left him. He must fight Rupert Watson on this point, whatever it cost.

A few nights after that we were sitting round the fire in my mother's parlour, and my father was telling us of some incident at the market, from which he had just come, when one of our maids came in and said that Jacob Trusty was in the kitchen, and wanted to speak to the master. My father would have risen and gone to him, but just then Jacob himself appeared and stood within the doorway, having first pushed the girl out and closed the door.

"Master and mistress," said Jacob, "there are some things best said without hearers, so I make bold to come in here where are no lads and lasses to hear us, save only your own, which have a right to hear all."

"Sit down, Jacob," said my father. "Say thy say, man."

Jacob, however, remained standing, leaning on his thick staff. "Master," said he, "I have been thinking about this matter of the land. Also the other day Lawyer Hook met me on the turnpike, and asked me some questions, and I could see that he had little confidence. Now it came to me to ask you if there are no papers. Papers always go with land, so I have heard."

"Whatever I have, Jacob, are with Mr. Hook," answered my father. "And old as they are, they are no good on this point."

"That brings me to what I want to say," said Jacob. "I served your grandfather first when I was a lad ten years old. There were four of us, Tom Hodge, Anthony Boone, Dick Simpson, and myself, all slept in that chamber against the apple-loft. There was an old chest in that chamber full of books and papers, and as never a one of us could read we used to wonder at them. Why not look in there, master?"

"The box is still there," said my mother.

"But the papers were taken out when I was a lad," said my father. "Mr. Hook has them now. However, 'tis good counsel, Jacob, and I'll look in the box again."

While Jacob went into the kitchen to drink a mug of ale, my father told me to get a candle and accompany him upstairs to the chamber mentioned, which was quite in accordance with my desires. So we ascended to the chamber, which was in a remote corner of the house, and had long been given up to the storing away of ancient lumber. Thus there was in it old saddles of curious fashion, and rusty bits and stirrup-irons, together with quaintly-carved chairs, broken and whole, and many other odds and ends accumulated in a house which had stood the brunt of some three hundred years. Amidst this mass of dust-covered lumber stood the oak chest spoken of by Jacob Trusty."

"It is empty, I fear, Will," said my father, pulling it into the middle of the floor; "but we will examine it to please old Jacob, who means well. Ah! you see there is nothing at all in it."

Nor was there, as far as we could see, for the interior was bare and empty, save for a thick coat of dust. I looked at the ancient chest curiously, holding the candle where the light would fall on its quaint carvings and the grotesque figures on the ends.

"My great-grandfather kept his papers and valuables in this chest, Will," said my father. "See, here are drawers to put money in. And there is a secret drawer. See if thou canst find it, lad."

But I could not, and did not make out where it was until my father drew out a drawer which had a false bottom, and this being removed, a small receptacle was laid bare.

"It is not very large," said my father, "but it sufficed to store anything especially worth the keeping."

Having admired the ingenious manner of the contrivance, I essayed to put the drawer in its place again, but found that it would not fit into the cavity prepared for it. Something seemed to lie in the way, and prevent the drawer from fitting properly. Putting my hand into the hole to discover the reason, my fingers encountered a thin packet of paper, which I immediately drew out and held up to my father's wondering gaze.

"What is this, lad?" said he. "Papers? They must have been placed in the secret drawer or behind it, and slipped underneath. 'Tis an ancient-looking packet, too."

That indeed it was, for the cover was yellow with age, and the handwriting upon it was of such an ancient fashion that neither my father nor myself could decipher it. So we carried it downstairs, and having called Jacob Trusty into the parlour to see what his counsel had procured for us, my mother took the packet to see what she could make out of it. Having stripped off the cover, she found some large papers with seals attached to them, but despite her clerkship she could make nought out of any of them, save that on the margin of one there was somewhat written which appeared to be of more recent date than the body of the writing. This, after some pains, she made out to be as follows: "Ye cloase lying next to Wattson's land at Castle Hill ys myne by this deede. W.D. 1510." Which we took to show that one of our ancestors at least had something more than supposition to rest on when claiming the narrow strip of land. My father fastened up the papers again, and having charged us all to say nothing to any one about them, the next day he carried them over to Lawyer Hook, and told him how we had come across them. Lawyer Hook, having after much labour, read various of the papers, and particularly the one bearing the marginal note, was much pleased, and informed my father that we now had a perfect case, and should give Masters Watson and Sharpe such a surprise as they had not reckoned for.

"For this deed, Master Dale," said he, "proves that in the reign of Henry the Seventh the Watson of that day did sell to the then William Dale this bit of land in exchange for three acres of land which had belonged to your yeomanry, but was somewhat inconvenient of access to you, but easily come at by



him. So now rest content, Master Dale, and say nought to any one of this, and let Sharpe gather together what evidence he can, and when we are called on for our defence, we will produce our deed, and come away from the Assizes victorious."

So the time went by until December, and in the second week of that month the judges came to hold the Assize at York, and it was necessary for my father to attend. Now, he had made me a promise just before the dispute with Rupert Watson, that the next time business took him to York he would carry me with him, so that I might see that great city and its Minster. You may be sure that I neglected not to remind him of his promise, now that I knew he was bound to go to York. And though it yet wanted a fortnight of the holidays, he stood to his word, and begged leave of Dr. Parsons to take me away from school earlier than usual, which leave the Doctor granted when he heard whither we were bound.

On the 14th day of December, then, we set out for York, my father mounted on his brown mare and I riding Dumpling. We had but twenty-four miles to travel, and I was much set up at the prospect of riding along the Great North Road and forming one of the never-ceasing procession which was continually passing and repassing to or from London and York. So we said good-bye to my mother and Lucy and rode away, and having dined at Sherburn, which lies almost half-way between Dale's Field and York, we journeyed forward to the city in the afternoon, and arrived there long ere darkness had set in. As I had never seen York before, I was much impressed by my first sight of that fair and beautiful city, which lies like a jewel in the midst of the rolling meadows and moors of Yorkshire, and I could do naught else but admire and wonder at its various sights. First, there was the Minster, which struck me with the most profound astonishment, being of such immensity in size and conception, that our church at home, though a fine one, seemed quite small in comparison. Then there were the city walls and the bars, through which we passed to enter the town, with their portcullises and guards and spikes over the towers, on which still stood the grisly heads of some that had been executed awhile before. And though the Minster seemed vast enough to hold all the people in the county, there were churches everywhere, some of them of exceeding great age. What with the Minster, and the churches, and the city walls, and the fine houses and people, I was thrown into a whirl of amazement

which did but increase the next day when Lawyer Hook conducted us to the Castle, where the Assizes were opened, and it was necessary for us to attend. There did I first behold the majesty of the law, and saw a judge sitting on the bench in scarlet robes and ermine, with many lawyers before him arguing and disputing, and the twelve honest men in the jury-box wondering which was right and which wrong. Now, indeed, I need say little about our case, which was not called for some three days after we had reached York, there being many matters to deal with before we could be attended to. When it came on at last it was speedily over, for when Rupert Watson's side had put before judge and jury all they knew or could invent, our counsel produced the ancient deed, and the matter was settled, and the land ours for ever without dispute. And the judge having said some sharp words about hastily rushing into litigation, ordered Rupert Watson to pay all the costs we had been put to, the business was over, and we were free to go where we pleased. I could have well done to stay awhile in York and see more of the city at my leisure, but my father was anxious to reach home and tell my mother of our success. So having dined at our inn and paid the score for ourselves and our beasts, we mounted the latter and set out homewards, well pleased with the result of our journey.

It was well on into the afternoon when we left York, and having paused awhile at Sherburn to give the horses a feed, the darkness came on suddenly and speedily surrounded us. This by itself was no great matter, for the brown mare and Dumpling could both have taken their way homeward blindfold. But as Providence ruled it, there came upon us a heavy snowstorm as we descended the hill from Byram into Ferrybridge, and this confused our cattle, so that progress was slow, Dumpling in particular objecting to the snow, which drave right against us as we pressed along and made our faces tingle with its sharpness. However, we gained Ferrybridge, and after a short stay there entered upon the last three miles of our journey, it being then eight o'clock in the evening and the snow coming down faster than ever.

Now the road 'twixt Ferrybridge and Darrington is a lonely one, and never over pleasant to ride along at any time of night. There were no carriages or coaches going along on this night, and we met nothing but a post-chaise going north. The snow increased at every step, and the beasts beneath us groaned with

their efforts to keep their footing and persevere on their homeward way.

"'Tis a wild night, Will," said my father, who rode on my right hand; "and thy mother will be anxious for us. We shall be home in half an hour and we keep at it. Shake Dumpling up, lad; she is half-afraid of the snow, and will——"

I never knew what more my father would have said. As he spoke, a figure seemed to rise up out of the storm right in our path. I heard a sharp report of firearms and saw the flash. My father fell from his horse without even a groan.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### OF THE SORROW THAT CAME AFTER.

I WAS too much horrified by the sudden attack upon my father to cry out or even to move. I sat for what seemed an age without even drawing my breath. Dumpling quivered beneath me; I heard the mare shaking at her side. It seemed to me like some awful dream, from which I should presently awake to find myself in my little sleeping-chamber at Dale's Field. And then I suddenly realized the horror that had come to overwhelm me and mine, and my heart seemed to burst into one terrible cry.

"Father, oh, father!"

Alas! there was no response. Trembling with fear I got down from Dumpling's back and felt my way through the darkness to the mare's bridle. She was shivering and quaking all over and pushed her nose against my arm as if to ask protection. I fastened her by the bridle to Dumpling and bade them stand still. Poor brutes, what with the storm and the sudden attack they were thoroughly cowed and affrighted, and they huddled together and held their heads to the ground, as beasts only will when they are completely yielded up to fear. And then I began to search about in the snow, and presently stumbled over my father's body.

He was dead—I knew that as soon as I touched him. I knew it by the awful stillness that lay over him, by the perfectly rigid manner in which his tall form was extended on the snow. I laid my hands on him, on his face, breast, arms, and suddenly felt them bathed in something that ran fast and warm from his

heart. And the touch of his blood overwhelmed me, and thinking of my mother waiting for us at home, and of Lucy and myself without a father, I broke down and threw my arms about him, and sobbed like any girl, while the poor beasts at my side sniffed at me and seemed to sorrow with my sorrow.

And then all of a sudden I sprang to my feet with a mad fierce thought newborn in my heart. My father had been murdered! This was no ordinary highway affair, no stoppage of unoffending travellers by highwaymen or pad-foot. The man who had come upon us out of the darkness had discharged his deadly missive and fled away as swiftly as he came. He had not waited to rob and plunder as he might well have done for ought that I, a lad, could have done to prevent him. It was no murder for the sake of spoil, but committed out of hatred and envy. And in all the world my father had but one enemy, and that was Rupert Watson. It must have been his hand that had shot my father down; it could be none but his. And with this conviction strong in my mind I knelt down in the snow and laid my hand on my dead father's breast again, and swore solemnly never to rest until I had brought his murderer to a fitting end.

When I looked up again, perplexed as to what I must do next, I saw a light drawing near along the road from Ferry-bridge. From the way in which it danced up and down in the darkness I took it to be carried by a horseman. I raised my voice and shouted loudly through the storm, and presently two men, cloaked to the chin, came cautiously up and turned the light upon me as I stood in the way, with the still figure behind me and the horses smelling at it in fear and wonder.

"God's mercy!" said one, "what is this? Here seems foul work."

They were looking past me at the group behind.

"Sir," I cried, "my father is dead—murdered! We were coming home from York—a man rode up to us here—he fired—my father fell—he is dead, dead!"

Before I had finished they were off their horses, and one was kneeling in the snow at my father's side. The other turned the lantern's light upon his dead face. I turned away; it was more than I could bear, to see that.

"He is dead," said the first. "He has been shot through the heart. A foul business. Somehow, methinks I know him."

"It is William Dale," I said. "William Dale of Dale's Field."

"And thou art my little friend Will," said he, rising from his knees. "I thought I knew thee, poor Will. What, dost not remember me?"

Then I looked at him and saw that it was Philip Lisle. He laid his hand on my head, and patted it affectionately.

"Poor lad, poor lad!" said he. "I would we could have had a merrier meeting. This man, Will, where went he after he had fired upon thy father?"

"I cannot say," I answered. "He seemed to ride upon us all in a moment, and I saw his pistol flash, and by the light of it he was a tall man on a great horse, but he was gone as quick as the flash when it was over."

"What, stayed he not to rob? Then, Will, this is no common murder. Thy father, had he any enemies?"

"Yes, sir, one, and one only—Rupert Watson, of Castle Hill."

"Ah! I have heard somewhat of that old dispute. Lad, doubt not that whoever hath killed thy father, will be punished in the end. And now let us see how we can get him home. Where is the nearest house?"

"There is a farmstead across the fields," I answered. "We can get a cart there."

"Then go there with me, Will, and my friend Captain Ready here will keep watch over thy father till we return. Stay, let us lift him to the hedge-side. Steady, Jack, thou and I have strong arms. Poor William Dale, 'tis a sad end for him, but I had rather be him than his slayer. And now for this farmstead."

So we ploughed our way across the field, leaving Philip Lisle's companion watching by my father, and after some difficulty we procured a cart, and a man to drive it, and returned, and the men lifted the body in, and we set off along the turnpike in the direction of Dale's Field, I riding Dumpling and leading the mare by the bridle. At first as we went along Philip Lisle and Captain Ready conversed in low whispers, but presently the former came over to me and laid his hand on my arm. "Will," said Philip Lisle, "some one must needs ride forward and break this bad news to thy poor mother. What think you, Will, shall we leave him with Ready and ride onward? It will be well for her to have thee at hand when she hears this sad matter."

So we rode forward through the falling snow and the cart came rumbling after us with Captain Ready riding at the side. And as we rode along I could say nothing at all. I knew nought and saw nought. Only there was a mist of red all about me and a fierce, burning desire to lay hands upon the murderer who had robbed me of a father and my mother of her husband. It was late when we reached the open gate at Dale's Field and rode through it into the fold. They heard our horses' feet in the house; the door opened, warmth and light came through it from the cheery kitchen. I saw my mother standing in the open doorway to welcome us, and Lucy peeped out from behind her gown, and beyond them was Jacob Trusty holding a mug of ale in his hand. And at the sight of the old familiar place the tears came rolling fast and hot and very bitter from my eyes.

"Be brave, Will," whispered Philip Lisle. "Be brave, lad. Remember thy mother and be a man."

We advanced into the light. My mother came a step forward to meet us with a cry of joy at our return. And then she suddenly stopped, for she caught sight of Philip Lisle's face where she had expected to see her husband's. And at that I could bear it no longer, but ran forward and threw my arms about her, and burst into such tears as I had never shed before and have never shed since.

"Will!" she said. "Will! what is it, my dear? Your father?"

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" was all I could say.

I felt her arms suddenly tighter about me, and I knew she was looking at Philip Lisle.

"Madam," said Philip Lisle. Madam——"

"Speak out, sir," she said; "there is some evil happened. Tell me all, I pray you."

"God in Heaven knows, madam," said he, "I would have suffered ought rather than bring you this news. I pray you be brave to endure it."

"I am brave, sir," she answered. "Tell me it all. My husband—he is dead?"

But Philip Lisle could say no more. He bowed his head and turned away to hide his own emotion.

My mother took the fearful blow bravely. She went indoors and sat down still holding me in her arms and striving to comfort me. Never to the day of my death shall I forget that scene.



My mother sat by the fire, and I leaned my head against her, striving to keep down the great sobs that seemed like to choke me, and Lucy had stolen up and was weeping softly at my mother's side, and before us at the table stood Jacob Trusty, still holding his mug of ale, and one of the maids stood behind him, and the doorway into the back kitchen was filled with the scared faces of the ploughmen and boys, and through the door into the parlour I could see the table set with prodigal fulness in anticipation of our return. And in the middle of the kitchen stood Philip Lisle, his long black cloak spangled with snow-flakes.

At last my mother raised her head and looked at him. "Tell me how it came about," she said, in a calm, steady voice that frightened me, because it seemed so unnatural at that time. "Tell me, sir."

But Philip Lisle shook his head and pointed to me. "Your son, madam, can best do that. Take him inside and let him tell you his news, and suffer me to make some preparations, for they are bringing Master Dale here and will soon arrive."

And so we went into the parlour, and as soon as I could I told my mother all the sad story. And yet she could not weep, but held my hands between her own, and sometimes they gripped mine tightly, and sometimes they were hot and then cold, and there was a look came into her eyes and in her face which I had never seen there before. But soon they called for her instructions, and she had to go about and give orders, and presently came Captain Ready with the cart, and they carried my father across his own threshold, and—but of that night I will write no more.

When it was noised abroad the next day that William Dale had been foully murdered on the highway between Ferrybridge and Darrington, there was such a commotion in the neighbourhood as no one ever remembered. Philip Lisle and his friend Ready had remained at the inn at Darrington, and they were questioned on all sides. As for our house, it was besieged all day, for my mother's friends came from neighbouring villages, and men on horseback rode up to inquire if the bad news were true, and Parson Drumbleforth walked over early in the morning to comfort my mother. I think that all of us would have been happier if my mother had broken down and wept, but she maintained a calm spirit; only those who knew could see from her white face and fixed eyes that she was suffering

more than any one could imagine. Nevertheless, she kept her sorrow down, and comforted me and Lucy, and made arrangements for the burying of my father's body, and did things so thoroughly that all admired her bravery.

"Nevertheless, lad," said Jacob Trusty, who was talking with me on the second day, "I like not to see it, for 'tis not natural. If she would cry now, it would be a comfort and a thing to praise God for. I pray she may break down when they take him away. For it is a bad thing, William, boy, to keep one's grief bottled up as it were. 'Tis like a dove which you may prison in a cage, and which will make no murmur, but will die silently. Howbeit, she will feel it badly when they fasten him up for burial."

Jacob had felt my father's death very keenly. When I could bear it he had taken me on one side and asked me the manner of it, and I had told him all I could think of. Jacob's face grew grave and thoughtful as he listened, and he shook his head often.

"What do you think of it, Jacob?" I said at last.

"Nay, lad, nay, what can I think? Thy father had but one enemy in all the world. See how befriended he was! Here they have been this past two days, gentle and simple, high and low, so that the doorstep hath never cooled of them. Hast harkened how they praised him, how all had a good word for him? Nay, weep not, William, lad. Be proud that all men thought so well of thy poor father. But, William, one man hath not come, and only one of all the neighbourhood."

"You mean Rupert Watson?"

Jacob nodded his gray head. "Aye," said he, "him I do mean. Certainly, seeing that they had never been friends, and had lately had extra cause of unpleasantness, it might seem strange to some if Rupert Watson had come here. But I can remember that when thy grandfather died, this Watson's father was bidden to the funeral and came like a Christian. But this one stays aside, and hath never sent word of sympathy."

"Jacob," I said, "do you think it was Rupert Watson who did it?"

"I know not, lad, I know not. Let it be."

"Nay," I said, "that I will not. If he killed my father I will fasten it on him and kill him."

"Whisht, lad, whisht," said Jacob Trusty. "Thou art too young to talk of killing. Rest assured that whoever killed thy

father will be sorry enow for it. For there was never crime done in this world, lad, that did not come home to the doer. It may be long first, but come it will."

I had to tell all I knew about the manner of my father's death to the coroner and his jury, and they examined me at great length, and with me Philip Lisle and his friend Captain Ready. But there was nothing in our testimony that was clear, and they gave in a verdict that my father was murdered by some unknown person, and there was an end of it. And two days after that we buried him in the churchyard at Darrington, and there was such a throng of folk as I had never seen before, people coming from far and near to pay their respects to his memory. And Lucy and I went and followed after the coffin, and the people said kind things to us, but my mother stayed at home. Ah me! without him the home seemed shorn of all its light and life, and when we came back from the funeral and I realized that I never should again see him or hear him, never again touch his hand, or learn from him, I broke down utterly, and went to my mother's side and laid my head on her knee and wept my heart out. And presently I felt her hot tears drop on my face, and so at last she wept and relieved her heart, and was somewhat comforted.

Now, after my father had been buried, men began to talk of the manner of his death and to ask questions and give opinions. And knowing that he had but one enemy, and that enemy a man over whom he had just achieved a triumph, there were not wanting those who hinted in broad fashion that it was Rupert Watson who had slain my father, out of hatred and revenge. And little by little men began to look darkly upon him when they met him in highroad or market-place, and some would hardly speak to him, and even his associates looked fearfully at him. So patent did these things become that he could not fail to notice them, for indeed people began to shun him as they would the plague.

But Rupert Watson was not the man to patiently suffer this, and setting us down as the originators of the feeling against him, he rode over one afternoon and drew rein at our door, and knocked thereon. And my mother having caught sight of him went out herself, and I followed, my heart beating against my ribs until it was like to burst.

"How now, dame!" said he, looking angry and black at us, "what is this that you are saying of me? Think you I have

nought to do but slay men o' nights? I would have you know that there is law for those that set malicious reports abroad."

Then my mother looked straight at him. "Master Watson," she said, "I have set no reports abroad, nor shall I. I know not who killed my dear husband. But I am very sure, Master Watson, that not all the sorrow and pain which I and these children have suffered will equal one tithe of the sorrow that God will bring down on the head of his murderer."

And therewith she went inside and closed the door, and Rupert Watson rode out of the yard with his head bent down, looking, said one of our maids, as if he had seen a spirit.

## Reviews.

### I.—A CHRISTIAN APOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

THE *Apologie des Christenthums*, by Dr. Schanz, a Catholic Professor at Tübingen, is known and valued in Germany, and two priests of the Birmingham diocese have thought they would be doing a service to English readers by providing them with a translation of it. They certainly do deserve our thanks for the gift. It is too obvious to need emphasizing how much we stand in need of solid apologetic treatises on the groundworks of our faith. The clergy are constantly being asked to recommend such to anxious inquirers to whom Latin is an unknown tongue, and usually there is no course left save to name, with due cautions, some one of the less objectionable Protestant publications. The only really satisfactory remedy for this state of things is to provide ourselves with a native Catholic literature dealing with these topics. Each country has its own modes of thought, with the result that as a rule people require to be instructed by their own countrymen, to whom the same modes of thought are familiar. Still it must be some time before a Catholic apologetic literature of native growth can be obtained, and meanwhile the want can to some extent be supplied by translations.

The present volume is one of three which are to comprise the entire work. Dr. Schanz draws a common distinction between the *preambula fidei* and the *motiva credibilitatis*, between truths of reason which precede the exercise of faith, in the sense at least of being presumed by it, and the truths of reason which more proximately constitute its rational justification; for although faith is a gift of God and carries with it its own intrinsic authentication and certitude to the mind of the

<sup>1</sup> *A Christian Apology*. By Paul Schanz, D.D., Ph.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen. Translated by the Rev. Michael F. Glancey and the Rev. Victor Schobel, D.D. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. God and Nature. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son; New York: Pustet.

believer, yet it needs also to be accompanied by other grounds of assent which can accredit it in the court of reason. The *præambula fidei*, in the wider sense, comprise even such philosophical truths as the veracity of our faculties. But practically the term is confined to matters which more proximately precede the act of faith. To these it is that the author allots his present volume, which is accordingly engaged with the questions concerning religion in general, without reference to the Christian or Catholic form of it. Apology, he says, takes its stand on the fact of religion which it finds to be universal in mankind. The idea of religion is built upon the belief in a Supreme Being, in the immortality of the soul, and in future retribution ; truths which are unintelligible unless the world is the work of a Creator whose omnipotence and godhead are manifested therein. Thus to vindicate the objective value of religion involves the establishment and defence against objections of the three above-mentioned truths and of the doctrine of creation : to which last the author appends in his first volume by way of preparation for those to follow a comparison between the Biblical account of creation and the discoveries of science. The second and third volumes are to be occupied with the *motiva credibilitatis*, the second vindicating the Christian religion against all others by examination of the contents of Holy Scripture and by a comparative study of religions, the third vindicating the Catholic Church against all others which claim to share with it the Christian name.

The author is a man of erudition, and is careful in the execution of his work to give us an ample supply of well-established facts as a basis for argument. He has also made himself acquainted with the modern as well as the ancient modes of opposing the theistic position. Thus, in treating of the origin of the religious feeling, consideration is given to the various theories which would evolve it out of animal emotions, out of dreams and ancestor-worship, or out of the disposition to project human qualities into inanimate nature. The Cosmological Argument for the existence of God is pursued through four stages in view of the respective domains marked out by matter and force, by life, the diverse grades of life, and by man. Then we have a discussion of the Argument from Design, followed by a shorter one of the Argument from Conscience. These portions of the book bring under notice the many difficulties of Darwinism, both in its narrower and



in its wider aspects ; whilst in maintaining the spirituality and immortality of the soul, the author finds the opportunity for examining into the arguments of determinism and of the various forms of monism. With the question of creation comes the necessity of taking into account the Biblical record ; and we have set in comparison with it, with a view to reconciliation, the results of geological inquiry into the formation of the earth and of prehistoric archæology as to the earlier phases of human culture. The concluding chapter discusses the reality and extent of the Deluge.

Such is the inviting programme which the author has to offer, and perhaps the objection will at once arise in the mind that it is a programme too extensive to be properly dealt with in a single octavo volume. This is indeed the weak point of the book. There is a great deal too much condensation, with the result that it can hardly hope to be acceptable save to those readers who are prepared to apply to its perusal a very considerable exercise of patient thought. Those, however, who will not shrink from the labour will find the author to be a valuable guide through the thickets of a very difficult subject-matter. Possibly one might not be able to follow him in all points, and towards the end, when he comes across the thorny question of inspiration, he seems to us to take a laxer view of its requirements than sound theology could allow. Still, in a question so beset with difficulties, we have no right to condemn, as long as a writer preserves the spirit of loyal deference to the voice of the Church, and certainly this spirit is conspicuous in Dr. Schanz.

The translators plead for a lenient judgment in view of the peculiar difficulties of their task. One can well understand what those difficulties were. German is always a hard language to render into English, especially where the style is so condensed as here. Still the present translation is a decided success, easy and idiomatic, and yet clear and intelligible in spite of the necessity of dispensing with the connective particles of which German is so fond and on which it relies so much for the expression of its thought. If any one should wish to estimate the merits of a translation like this he should compare it with one of T. and T. Clark's series.

2.—ACTS OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.<sup>1</sup>

It is exactly a century and a half since Bishop Challoner published, in 1741, the first of the two small octavo volumes entitled *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*. By something of a coincidence his own work also appeared a century and a half after what we may regard as the central and critical year of that period of persecution under Elizabeth (1577—1603) with which his first volume was taken up. Thus we see that our English Martyrs waited three lustrums before the first (relatively) complete record of their "Acts" was compiled by the good Bishop, and now, after three lustrums more, this final contribution is made to their glorious memory by those who for several years have laboured in the cause of their canonization, and who have had the happiness of seeing their efforts already crowned with a large measure of success in the Papal Decree of December, 1886.

We speak of this as a final contribution, because, although we hope that Father Pollen may give us yet many more books on the interesting period he has made his own, such diligence has been used in the preparation of this volume that we can hardly look for any substantial addition to what we now know of the lives and deaths of the Martyrs here treated of, taking them at any rate as a body. The work before us represents the fruits of an exhaustive investigation of the Stonyhurst archives, of the Westminster archives, of the documents of Bishop Challoner preserved at Oscott, of State Papers of all kinds at the Record Office, of the Privy Council Books at Whitehall, of MSS. in the possession of the Englisches Fraulein at Nymphenburg, and of several other collections—wherever, in fact, there was hope of meeting with any fresh information on the history of those who died in England for the faith. Nothing, substantially speaking, which appears in this volume has ever been printed before, and we cannot give it higher praise than to say that both in interest and importance it is in every way worthy to be regarded as the continuation of Challoner's great work. In numerous instances Father Pollen's documents serve to supplement largely the account given by the earlier writer; in a few, a very few, cases he has been able

<sup>1</sup> *Acts of English Martyrs hitherto unpublished.* By J. H. Pollen, S.J. With a Preface by John Morris, S.J. Quarterly Series. London: Burns and Oates, 1891.

to correct some inaccuracy into which he has fallen; throughout we find, wherever the same matters are dealt with, that Challoner's authorities are confirmed, not only by the new Catholic accounts here given, but often likewise by the statements of public and official records.

As to the form in which these important documents have been given to the public, Father Pollen has had to face the usual difficult alternative. On the one hand there was much to recommend that they should be printed in the original languages and with the arbitrary spelling of their writers, but in that case the circle of readers to which the book would appeal would necessarily be very limited. On the other side, an editor is greatly tempted to work such materials into a continuous narrative, disguising the meagreness of detail, which is often the very hall-mark of their genuineness, by an abundance of illustrative matter ready to his hand in other directions. In this case, however, the documents quoted cease to appear as authentic memorials. We think Father Pollen has done well in adopting a middle course. The spelling has been modernized, and papers in Italian or Latin have been translated, but the relations printed in this volume are in other respects a faithful representation of the originals. Of course there are always points where a student of history prefers to be left to his own judgment, rather than have to trust the opinion of an interpreter, however qualified. Thus, to take a very trivial illustration, we confess that we are a little sceptical about the shipwreck "which was caused by the bore of the Severn on the coast of South Wales." (p. 224.) The Latin original, if we mistake not, says that the vessel was wrecked *in æstu Sabrinae*, and we doubt if this means any more than "in the Bristol Channel," *æstu* being written as a contraction for *æstuario*, just as we almost invariably find it printed in old maps. We have also noted, we think, some little inconsistency at times in the printing of proper names, though this is almost inevitable. However, he would be indeed a captious critic who would find fault with the way Father Pollen has discharged his functions as editor. The translations are excellent, the arrangement of the book, more especially considering the miscellaneous nature of its contents, could not be improved, and the self-restraint by which the notes and introductions are kept strictly within the limits of the absolutely necessary, is the more worthy of praise that it is so rarely met with.

We should have liked to give several quotations from this important work to illustrate the variety and interest of its contents, but it is difficult to compress within reasonable compass the narratives which are best worth citing. Here is a passage from a paper preserved by Father Grene, which illustrates very forcibly the sympathy with the Catholic cause felt in the Isle of Anglesea in 1593. It occurs in an account of the martyrdom of the Venerable William Davies. The incident is recorded in Challoner, but not nearly so fully.

There could not be found an executioner in all the country; but at length the Sheriff was forced to send to Westchester, forty-two miles off, for a poor butcher, and a hangman that was in prison for thievery. These two were brought to the country and hired for four or five pounds; and because they could have no lodging in the town, they were hid in a barn, and there kept like hungry dogs until the day appointed, with stolen scraps and meat secretly conveyed to them. The deputy sheriff had much ado to provide necessaries for execution. The best man there and the townsmen denied the Sheriff of a place to set the gallows upon [in] any of their grounds. He was fain to make a new gallows, and to set it within the liberties of the Castle, out of the liberties of the town. The word is about the country, that the Sheriff was fain to send to his own house for a pan, but the truth is that an old covetous woman in the town, that would not be known of it, lent her pan, and gave a few faggots withal to the deputy sheriff for eight shillings of money.

So too when the holy Martyr's quarters were distributed after his execution, we learn that "one or two were put in prison in Conway because they would not climb nor meddle with the quarter that came thither."

A similar reluctance was shown in the case of the Venerable Thomas Pilchard, executed at Dorchester in 1587. Any one who wishes to judge how much the volume now published adds to our knowledge would do well to compare the account of the Martyr here given from Father Warford's *Relations* with the meagre paragraph in Challoner.

One aspect of the Elizabethan persecutions which Father Pollen brings out very clearly is the shallowness of the pretext by which the condemnation for religion was disguised under the name of a prosecution for treason. We should like to print the whole of the royal proclamation to be found on pp. 75—80, by which Elizabeth's Government sought to justify themselves for inflicting the death penalty on the Venerable Robert Anderton

and the Venerable William Marsden. It is indeed an admirable specimen of "the Queen's Majesty's most gracious dealing with Seminary priests." In the case of these two Martyrs, as in the very full account given of the Venerable Roger Dicconson, it is singularly interesting to compare and contrast the statements of the sufferers and their friends with the official records of Elizabeth's deputies. The substantial accuracy of the former is nearly always vindicated, and even where errors are detected, we sometimes find that what is incorrectly attributed to one Martyr might be truly told of another. A careful study and comparison of these documents would form, it seems to us, an admirable preparation for an estimate of the genuineness of the *Acta* of the Martyrs of the Early Church. The circumstances of the persecuted community in the two cases are not so dissimilar as they might at first sight appear.

Finally, we must not conclude this review without a brief reference to two other points which call for notice. The first is to commend the admirable Index, which is the model of what such an index should be. The second, to give prominence to the fact that the financial success of the present volume may help substantially, though indirectly, to expedite the cause of our remaining Martyrs at Rome. If this volume is successful, it is proposed, so Father Morris tells us in his most interesting Preface, to reprint another volume or two of important documents which have in some shape been published before, but are now very difficult of access. "The publication of such volumes," says Father Morris, "would greatly facilitate the labours of the Postulator and the Roman lawyers, when the cause comes to be heard in its later stages by the Sacred Congregation of Rites."

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### 3.—MEDITATIONS ON THE GOSPELS.<sup>1</sup>

This is the first English version of a meritorious and well-known book, translations of which have been made from the original French, at various times, into Latin, Spanish, Italian, German, and Dutch. Although many books of meditations written by Fathers of the Society of Jesus are already in circulation amongst us, translations of Da Ponte, Lancicius,

<sup>1</sup> *Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year.* By Père Médaille, S.J. Translated into English under the direction of the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

Segneri, and others, the present work will supply a want, and will find a place on the *prie-dieu*, or the table of numbers of devout Catholics. Very many meditation books labour under the disadvantage of being, if not too long, at least longer than most persons in this busy age can find time to make use of. A characteristic of Father Médaille is that he has faithfully followed the direction of his master in the science of mental prayer, for St. Ignatius disapproves of long points. In the Book of the Exercises he enjoins, in so many words, that the Father who gives the meditations and considerations during Retreat time should be brief, and lead the exercitants to meditate themselves rather than listen to one who is meditating for them. The Saint, who was a great believer in sanctification through the intellect, tells us that what is worked into the mind by the use of our reason when illumined by faith, is of more interest to us, as well as of greater practical profit, than any amount of holy thought instilled from without.

We, whose lot is cast in this busy, restless, nineteenth century, can easily realize the truth that we live, move, and have our being in an age in which the attempt to save the trouble of thinking is only far too successful. There are compendious treatises on every conceivable department of knowledge; theology, philosophy, politics, economics, art, science, law, medicine, literature, religion. People nowadays read by hundreds of thousands, but comparatively few mark, learn, and inwardly digest. And this truth applies to the spiritual life. Indolent minds love to have their religious meals not only prepared, but masticated, and even digested for them. The result is that there is occasional and momentary reflection in abundance, but there is very little meditation which is prolonged serious reflection.

Father Médaille has been successful in preparing meditations, the points of which are correlated, so as not to give three separate meditations, rather than one upon some distinctly definite subject, and yet his points are not so closely related as to be mere repetitions of the same thoughts in slightly different words, another fault unfortunately only too common in books of meditation. Hence a merit in this work is that the points are sufficiently connected to allow the mind to carry away a clearly marked impression, and at the same time sufficiently varied to keep it supplied with fresh, though cognate, reflections.



We may illustrate our meaning by giving examples of three of the meditations; one taken from the beginning, another from the middle, and a third from the end of the book. In a meditation for one of the Sundays during the Epiphany season, we have these three points: first, that the centurion loved his servant, felt grieved at his illness, sought and found its remedy, and that his charity obtained the admiration and miraculous intervention of our Blessed Lord. Secondly, that Jesus admired and rewarded the faithful piety of an officer brought up in the tumult of war, who had even built a synagogue for the Jews, though himself not of the people of God, who therefore will one day cause the shame of many Catholics so devoid of either piety or faith. Thirdly, that our Divine Saviour admired the humility of the centurion, who did not dare to appear in His sacred presence, and deemed himself unworthy that Jesus should enter his house. These three explanations of the reasons why our Blessed Lord wondered at the goodness of the centurion, are simple, natural, and true.

From the middle of the book we select a meditation, at random, that for the Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost, "On the Journeys of Jesus Christ." The three points are, the Rule, the Motive, and the Manner of these Journeys. The truths insisted on are: First, that our Blessed Lord went only where the Holy Spirit directed Him to go, not to teach all men in person, reforming morals, and giving the law everywhere, but confining Himself to a narrow and all but contemptible sphere of action. Secondly, that the motive of all His coming in and going out was charity: *pertransiit benefaciendo*. Thirdly, that He never travelled for pleasure, but went on foot to the most distant limits of His Mission, while we go round the world seeking opportunities for satisfying our sensuality, and excuses for relaxation.

From the conclusion of the book, we take the following meditation for "All Souls' day." In the first point the sources of pain suffered by the holy souls: their enforced absence from God; the reproaches of their conscience; the physical torment they have to endure. In the second point, their three consolations: their assurance of salvation; their hope of a speedy end of their exile and sorrow; their consciousness that they love God, and are loved by Him. In the third point: the three ways in which we can help them. By our prayers, asking for

their relief; by our penitential works, striving to diminish their debt; by getting Masses said and gaining Indulgences, applying to them the satisfactions of Christ.

The pious author of the book we have thus briefly noticed, was a diligent and zealous labourer in Christ's vineyard, in his native country, and especially at Toulouse and the chief towns in its vicinity. After thirty years of a fruitful life, he went to his rest and reward at the beginning of the last century, exactly one hundred and eighty-two years ago. The meditations were written for members of his Society. Another French Jesuit, Father Bolle, published an edition of the work, omitting all special allusions to religious life in the Company of Jesus, and all the meditations on the Jesuit Saints. The meditations are not all by Père Médaille, who only wrote for alternate days. The remainder, which are marked with an asterisk, are by the Abbé Vernier, and are not at all of the same calibre. In the present edition, Father Eyre, who has revised the book with great care and written a short Preface, has omitted nothing, but has made some verbal changes in order to adapt a meditation here and there to people living in the world.

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#### 4—CHRISTIAN ART IN OUR OWN AGE.<sup>1</sup>

We welcome this little essay as upholding the Christian ideal of Art; which, in these our days, is not only too often ignored but even repudiated, and that too in quarters where we might justly expect questions of Art to be treated from a Catholic standpoint. To us it seems that nothing can be more fatal, not only to Religious Art, but to all Art with a noble purpose, than the teaching of those Art critics who have adopted what Mr. Lilly calls the theories of "Revolutionary Æstheticism," who scout tradition, scorn the ideal, deny that painting should have anything to do with imagination and poetry, and hold that a painting which attempts to tell a story is not Art but "literature." If such opinions come to be commonly accepted, the future prospects of Art are indeed gloomy, and we cannot see what can save it from demoralization and decadence, spite of the advance in technical excellence and in the more thorough

<sup>1</sup> *Christian Art in our own Age.* By Eliza Allen Starr. Notre Dame, Ind.: Office of the Ave Maria, 1891.

knowledge of nature, in which we pride ourselves. The revival of Christian Art by Overbeck, and the group of German artists who were associated with him, of which the volume before us treats, may, unfortunately, be said to be already a thing of the past; and, with the tendency of the Art teaching in the irreligious cosmopolitan *ateliers*, where the mass of the Art students of our days are trained, and the temptation to these students to follow the prevailing fashions in painting, as bringing at once wider fame and far greater gains, the future of Christian Art appears to us to be blank indeed. Let us hope, however, that those who take a more sanguine view may prove to be true prophets; as Ruskin, who in his oracular way, has declared that "Perfect Religious Art has never existed, but it will exist!" and Professor Mivart, who in a chapter on "*Æsthetic Evolution*," expresses his hope "that the decay of Christian Art has been but a prelude to its reappearance in a more perfect condition hereafter."

Miss Starr's most interesting little book gives us a simple and instructive description of what Overbeck, Ittenbach, Müller, and the artists of the Düsseldorf school have done in general to restore to Religious Art its ideal character. She tells how in the Academy of Vienna, Overbeck hungered after something higher than the profane studies and classical style that then prevailed. In 1810 he set out for Rome, where he found what he had sought for in vain in Vienna. There he studied for two years, having for his studio a deserted cell in the Franciscan Convent of St. Isidore. When these two years were over, he went forth with his companions to found a school worthy of the highest inspirations of Christian Art. We will leave Miss Starr to tell the story of their pictures, now celebrated throughout the world. The description of some of those of Ittenbach seems to us specially happy.

We have still others to cite: first Ittenbach, whose St. Agnes, we must say, is the only one which gives to the eye the type set forth by the Lessons in the Breviary: the long hair "crowned with the bright blossoms of an eternal springtime," the palm branch, the lamb, with that exaltation of girlish innocence peculiar to St. Agnes—all gathered into this single figure by Ittenbach. Then his Madonnas, so meditative and full of symbolism; the one with the book; another with the Passion flower, in which the Madonna is standing, and pressing the cheek of the Divine Child to her own with a sense of delicious peace which closes the eyes with excess of happiness; above all, perhaps,

that Holy Family in which the Infant lies in the sweetest sleep of infancy on the lap of the Virgin Mother, bending worshipfully over Him; the symbolical lamb pressing close to do Him homage, and St. Joseph bending over the whole group as its guardian. Symbolical vines overrun the doorway of the cottage at Nazareth, and the spirit of the picture is one of unbroken peace—the peace of adoration. While not in the least Raphaellesque, it has a vogue much like one of Raphael's most gentle Madonnas. (pp. 49, 50.)

At the end of the same chapter there is a remark which makes us think that our authoress must have derived her knowledge of the works of the modern German school of Religious Art chiefly from engravings, otherwise we scarcely think she would have claimed for them a "faultless *technique*." Ruskin was nearer the mark when he blamed them for "superseding technical excellence by expression." The truth is that Overbeck and his followers were distinguished rather by their high and ideal aims, their adherence to the best traditions of the early Italian masters, by their tender devotional feeling, and their elevation of style and of type, rather than by their technical qualities, for as painters they were sometimes poor in execution, and weak in colour, and, owing to their referring so little to nature, too often artificial and conventional. It is strange, too, to find Millet treated as if he were a distinguished Christian artist, whilst his great fellow-countryman and contemporary, Flandrin, whose noble paintings in the Churches of St. Vincent de Paul and St. Germain des Prés, have placed him in the foremost ranks of Christian artists, is not mentioned.

But in a short sketch it is impossible to include everything, and we have every reason to be grateful to Miss Starr for her able advocacy of the true ideal of Christian Art.

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#### 5.—ST. ALPHONSUS' LETTERS.<sup>1</sup>

The letters of a saint are often more interesting than the mere record of his life, because they exhibit to us the inner man more exactly than do his outward actions. The correspondence of St. Alphonsus was so extensive and so varied that from it may be drawn an almost unlimited fund of spiritual

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.* Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. Part I. General Correspondence (Centenary Edition). New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers, 1891.

advice, useful warnings, and practical directions on matters the most varied. The volume that we are reviewing contains his general correspondence, and comprises mainly letters of instruction to his community, of guidance to other religious, and many others on topics the most varied. To the members of his congregation he is very frank and outspoken in his advice and in his reproof when he thinks that they have gone astray, to nuns he is patient, gentle, but very firm and decided, to all he is full of charity and zeal for souls, having one aim and object in every letter that he wrote, viz., the greater glory of God and the good of souls. To the Redemptorist Fathers he lays especial stress on the importance of keeping up the strictness of their poverty, of being very guarded in their intercourse with externs, and of valuing their vocation. His advice respecting preaching is also very sound and practical, especially for Italians. With regard to this he writes as follows:

I have also been informed that some of you have begun to preach in a flowery style. I repeat that the familiar style is that by which the missions, novenas, and spiritual exercises are made successful. In all the sermons, even for the festivals of the saints and other special occasions, I wish that every one should speak familiarly, without a studied tone of voice or choice expressions. When one preaches to priests or before a select audience, one should not use in the discourses phrases so popular as those that one uses when preaching to the people composed of educated and ignorant persons; one should, however, always speak familiarly; and I pray to Jesus Christ to chastise in a signal manner whoever wishes to introduce a figurative style. Let us take care; for it is certain that pride has driven many out of the Congregation. (pp. 249, 250.)

To a Carmelite nun who wished to obtain a mitigation of her Rule he is very outspoken.

You have scarcely begun, and you already wish to have your Rule mitigated! But if the Rule is now mitigated, what will become of the Rule fifty years hence? Indeed, poor religious are those that ask for a mitigation of the Rule! I pity them; for they will have to render an account to God not only about themselves, but about all the others. I pray you, be firm! If you think fit, you may communicate these my sentiments to the others. If you were to inform me that the rigour of the Rule has been relaxed, you would make me lose all the affection that I entertain for this monastery, which I at present esteem so much. Tell Sister Maria Cherubina that she should incessantly raise her voice against the Carmelite Father who is trying to bring about a mitigation; let her have no scruple in this respect. (p. 278.)

St. Alphonsus has a letter (p. 151) very strongly condemnatory of *figured* music, but this letter must not be understood to condemn figured music in the sense in which we use the term. With him it meant a soft, wanton, voluptuous style of music, common in Naples in his time, and of which he says, and says most justly, that it is by no means suitable for pious persons, and much less for virgins consecrated to God. Fear not, then, O lover of Mozart and Rossini, lest you have the Saint against you—the strains condemned by him were very different from these.

In fact, throughout his letters we also observe a large-mindedness and liberality that is one of the characteristics of the Saint. For the Society of Jesus he had a special love. "Although I have not the good fortune of belonging to the Society (he writes to the General of the Jesuits in 1760) yet I love it as if I belonged to it." And again in 1748, "As a sign of my gratitude and the affection I bear to the Society of Jesus, I beg you to accept a few small books of devotion, together with some pictures that we have had engraved." But we must resist the temptation of making more extracts from the correspondence of the Saint, and will only add one piece of advice given to a religious, but suitable for all the world:

Try, in future, not to allow yourself to be cast down by the thought of your imperfections. The best, then, will be to trust more in God, and to abandon yourself lovingly to His paternal guidance. All our confidence, in fact, rests not on our works, but on the infinite goodness which never rejects those who sincerely seek it. (p. 74.)

This was the counsel of St. Alphonsus as the best means of attaining to perfection, and all those who adopt it will soon have to rejoice over the good effects that follow therefrom.

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#### 6.—THE REFORM OF THE SPANISH PULPIT.<sup>1</sup>

Father Gaudeau tells us in the Preface to this work that he has taken advantage of a prolonged stay in Spain to familiarize himself with its language and literature, and he now presents to his French readers a sketch of perhaps the most remarkable writer and the most remarkable work that

<sup>1</sup> *Les Prêcheurs Burlesques en Espagne au XVIIIe. Siècle, Etude sur le P. Isla.* Par le P. B. Gaudeau, S.J. Paris: Retaux-Bray, 1891.



appeared in that country in the eighteenth century. Both author and book had an adventurous career. Both were to many the object of an admiration amounting to enthusiasm, to others both were a butt for the bitterest ridicule and invective, and finally both were proscribed, the one in the general suppression of his Order by the Holy See, the other by a special decree of the Inquisition.

Father Joseph Francis de Isla was born in an obscure village of Leon in the year 1703, and educated under the Jesuits. In early life he had been engaged to be married, but pecuniary difficulties on the part of both families made the union, at any rate for a very long period, almost an impossibility. Accordingly, after a severe mental struggle, he resolved to leave his betrothed at liberty to cancel the engagement. He himself made a retreat in one of the Jesuit houses, and at its close determined to consecrate himself to the service of God in the Society. After his profession of the four vows, he was employed almost exclusively in the professorial chair and in the pulpit. Throughout his whole life he won the love of all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and his letters to his sister, with whom he kept up a continuous correspondence, bring into strong relief his affectionate nature. His intellectual gifts were of a very high order, and eminently fitted him for carrying out the work with which his name is intimately connected—the reformation of Spanish pulpit oratory. The need there was for reform may be gathered from Isla's own book, from the volume before us, and from collections of sermons printed in Spain during the course of the eighteenth century.

We may explain that at this period the Spanish usage recognized two distinct classes of sermons. One of these, the *doctrina*, or familiar exposition of the articles of faith, and of the precepts of the moral law, left nothing to be desired in respect of simplicity and sincerity. But the class which the French term *discours de circonstance*—panegyrics, funeral orations, &c., were made by the vast majority an occasion for the display of vain and useless knowledge, of scholastic subtleties, of extravagant and fantastic rhetoric, and at times, it must with regret be confessed, for exhibitions of buffoonery which would hardly have been in place on the boards of a theatre.

The title of the discourse was a source of great anxiety to the preacher, and often resulted in a choice better calculated to draw attention to the orator's ingenuity than to his solemn office. An antithetical phrase, a startling paradox, the name

of a favourite comedy, took the place of a simple text of Scripture. Thus, at the clothing of a nun, we have a discourse entitled *The Spouse of the Miracle, the Miracle of Spouses*; at a General Chapter, *The Election of Rectitude for the Rectitude of Election*; for a sermon on the penitent Magdalen, *She stoops to Conquer*.

The chief function of the exordium was to set forth the *circunstancias* of the discourse, such as the history of the town in which the sermon was delivered, the names of the principal officials, &c., to introduce allusions to any celebration then taking place, a fair, for instance, or a bull-fight, and, with the aid of a concordance, to misapply to the occasion as many texts of Holy Scripture as possible. The whole of the sermon was interlarded with quotations from books on ancient mythology, profane and pagan poets, legends of doubtful authenticity, and scraps of mediæval science. This is a strong statement to make, but the samples given by Father Isla, which are for the most part drawn from what he himself had heard, or what had been reported to him by trustworthy persons, fully justify it. Nay, Father Isla's own earlier sermons, of which the work before us gives one or two extracts, would have afforded some pretty pickings for the satire of any rival critic.

Saints, learned men, Bishops, Councils, Popes, had in vain protested, had drawn up decrees against these abuses, and entreated that in every sermon at least one point of faith or morals should be treated in a manner suited to enlighten and edify the hearers. The habit was too ingrained in the preachers, and the taste of the audience too perverted, to allow these admonitions to take effect. Isla decided to try the effect of ridicule. *Don Quixote* had effectually checked one development of the national extravagance, why should not *Fray Gerundio* accomplish as much for another? Materials were at hand in abundance, and, encouraged by some of the most eminent ecclesiastics and politicians of the day, he set to work. His natural light-heartedness, and keen appreciation of the ridiculous, his thorough mastery of pure Castilian, at this time threatened by the corruption of French influences, his ardent patriotism, which caused him to feel acutely the sneers of foreigners at the decadence of Spanish literature,—all combined to urge him to devote his best energies to the task, and in February, 1758, the first volume of *Fray Gerundio de Campazas* was published, the authorship being attributed on the title-page

to Don Francisco Lobon de Salazar, a priest of Aguilar, who had consented to have the work fathered on him, as the Superiors of the Order scrupled to let Isla's name appear. But the well-known style betrayed the secret, and hardly had the book seen the light when the real author was known everywhere.

A long Preface à *morion*—or *prologus galeatus*—explains the motives which have actuated the writer, and deprecates the charges which he foresees will be made (as indeed they were made) against him and his work. If he appears to jest at the expense of friars and ecclesiastics, his readers must remember that a desperate disease requires a desperate remedy, and, after all, while he points out their errors of judgment, in no way does he impugn their moral character. If texts of Holy Scripture are frequently bandied about in jocose and almost blasphemous contexts, the fault is not his, but that of the orators whom he quotes, and whom he must quote, if the evil is to be exposed and successfully combated. Finally, if some are offended, and apply to themselves what has been purposely left vague and general, is he to blame? or is a good work to be left undone through an unworthy fear of opposition and misunderstanding?

*Fray Gerundio* is half satire, half romance, a book brimful of sparkling, and at times slightly coarse, humour. In many respects it bears a close resemblance to the style of Swift's *Drapier Letters*, but there is a total absence of anything like malice, anything like a sneer. It is the overflow of a joyous nature, which has retained something of boyish simplicity, and will laugh with equal relish at the shallow profundity of a pedant, the pranks of a novice, the guilelessness of a monastic Superior, and the rough wit of a Sancho Panza. But with all this the author never forgets his serious purpose; and after the hearty laugh which attends the wildest of the burlesque sermons, the reader is punished by being compelled to listen to a long and necessarily prosy discourse from a grave Father Superior, pointing out the remedies to be applied in this sort of oratory, and expatiating on the good qualities to be aimed at.

The first portion, to which were prefixed the approbations of several well-known religious of other Orders, was bought up with such avidity that the whole edition was sold out in a few days, even waste copies being purchased at extravagant prices. Father Gaudeau tells us that the King had it read to

him, and confessed that it deserved the encomiums lavished on it, but added, "It will have to be suppressed, for it makes fun of the friars." And indeed a storm soon raged round it, pamphlets *pro* and *con* multiplied without end, and, after a two years' trial, a decree forbidding its sale and use issued from the tribunal of the Inquisition. It was said, however, that leave to read this book was never refused to those who sought it, at any rate, it continued to be in request throughout the country for many years to come.

The second portion of the work appeared in 1768. It was obtained surreptitiously, and printed without the author's knowledge, in a very mutilated condition. But its object was now accomplished—the public taste had been reformed, and preachers were compelled to remodel their style, many of them frankly acknowledging that it was to Fray Gerundio they owed their conversion.

The work was translated into English in 1772, into German in 1773, and into French in 1882. It is worth while to remark that the English translation, of which two editions were published within the year, was made from a written transcript given to Baretti by Father Isla himself. It thus represented the text of the author more faithfully than any Spanish edition which appeared before that of Lidforss in 1885.

For fuller details of Father Isla's life and literary work, the reader cannot do better than consult Father Gaudeau's volume. No history of Spanish literature can be complete which does not take into consideration both Father Isla's text and Father Gaudeau's commentary.

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#### 7.—ORDER IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD.<sup>1</sup>

The object of this little book is to set forth the teleological argument of the existence of God. The first part, which occupies two-thirds of the whole, gives the facts in which the order of nature appears, and for which finality can be claimed. It will remind the reader of Paley, but is of a more modern cast. The illustrations are taken in succession from the sidereal world, the vegetable and animal kingdom, and from the inter-relations which bind these together. This portion of the book

<sup>1</sup> *Order in the Physical World and its First Cause according to Modern Science.* From the French. By T. J. Slevin. London: John Hodges, 1891.

is simply and clearly written, and will be found interesting by ordinary readers. In the second part, the author discusses the value of the argument from finality to design, from the purposive tendency undeniably to be found in nature to the existence of an intelligent cause. For a reader versed at all deeply in the objections of the anti-teleologists, this portion would be insufficient. Still it is sound, and adapted, as it is apparently intended, for readers of a less aspiring class, and in fact is just the sort of little treatise to put into their hands. In a third part, the author collects together some declarations of learned men concerning the cogency of the argument from design. The opinions of Greek and Roman philosophers on the matter are not of much argumentative value nowadays, or even those of Newton and Leibnitz. The question raised in the present age is whether or not the value of the argument has been affected by the modern theory of Evolution. On the other hand, it is of argumentative value to know that many of the leading men of science, up to the most recent times, are theists. In view of this fact, we can bear with patience to be told by the Huxleys and Tyndalls that our faith is tenable only by the unenlightened. Unfortunately, as the little treatise before us is a translation from the French, the names heralded are mainly those of French celebrities. But the list could be supplemented by well-known English names even of those still living.

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8.—A DEARLY RANSOMED SOUL.<sup>1</sup>

This little book, which appears to be an ingenious mixture of fact and fiction, has a weird attractiveness in it that will ensure for it a large circulation. It professes to be the story of a colonel in the army, who has lived what is called a life of pleasure, and has been corrupt and vicious from his youth up. By chance he enters a Catholic church, just as the preacher, who was none other than Cardinal Newman, was about to commence his sermon—

I had no notion who he was, and found considerable difficulty at first in hearing him distinctly. His voice was low and sweet; he had no mannerism, no unction, no affectation or effort of any kind. The language was clear, the style perfectly simple, the tone gentle and

<sup>1</sup> *A Dearly Ransomed Soul at the Grave of Cardinal Newman.* London: Kegan Paul and Co.

urbane. He spoke of the world, its pride, its lust, its internal culture and philosophy, its external polish and refinement, its clever epigrams and maxims. He described the typical man of society, that whited sepulchre the world's gentleman. He laid bare the far-sighted selfishness which conceals its thirst for power and notoriety beneath a veil of public service; its gluttony under cover of fastidiousness; and cloaks its lust with love, and its false pride with independence. He pictured a life without God, a death without repentance, and an eternity in Hell. (pp. 6, 7.)

The arrow of conviction reaches the heart of the listener. When the sermon is over, he finds himself kneeling and weeping bitterly, and this he had not done for years. He seeks to throw off the effects of what he has heard, plunging into every kind of dissipation, but in vain. At last he seeks an interview with Cardinal Newman, is most kindly received, and the result of the interview is a temporary reform, which breaks down under the influence of a woman who deliberately sets herself to undo the good work that the influence of Cardinal Newman has begun. Her sudden death brings him to his senses, and in the end he dies a Catholic and a penitent sinner.

The style is vivid, and the tone of the book highly, not to say morbidly, sensational. It is written with some power, but it is rather overwrought throughout. The friends of Cardinal Newman will justly object to his name being introduced into what is at least half romance, and though the words put into his mouth are what he might well have spoken, yet it is rather early to introduce him into a historical novel on a small scale. At the same time we cannot doubt that the story has a solid foundation of truth. It gives us the impression that some ordinary sinner, who has the gift of sensational writing, has dressed himself up in the literary garb of the dissolute colonel, adding picturesque and wonderful details to set off his own experiences. We hope it will do good, but somehow it does not leave an altogether pleasant impression, and we would have very much preferred to have the facts simply narrated, without the brilliant and imaginative colouring.



## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER GLANCEY has gathered together, in a thick pamphlet of nearly three hundred pages,<sup>1</sup> the varied testimony of the English, Scottish, and Irish Press to the genius and saintliness of Cardinal Newman. After a sketch of his life condensed from the *Tablet*, he arranges alphabetically the articles from different journals, beginning with the *Athenæum* and ending with the *Yorkshire Post*. There runs generally throughout the passages quoted a tone of generous, and even enthusiastic appreciation. There are, of course, some feeble attempts to explain on other than the true grounds his submission to the Catholic Church. This leads to paradoxes, to call them by no harsher name. Thus the *Speaker* tells us that Cardinal Newman "never yielded to the Church of England the loyal obedience of a son." And the *Huddersfield Examiner*, that "he was of a temperament and tone of thinking vastly different from those of the modern Englishman." Why, Cardinal Newman was an Englishman of the English! In the very first page, the *Athenæum* pays him, in a short poem, the very doubtful compliment of asking—

Who knows what page those new-born eyes have read?  
If this set creed, or that, or none, be best?  
Let no strife jar above his sacred head.  
Peace for a saint at rest.

The *Rock* kindly informs us that "had Newman been born in a less controversial age, his saintly life and simple character might have won many to the Saviour whom he loved so devoutly," and charitably urges in his behalf that his errors were "those of the intellect, rather than of the heart."

<sup>1</sup> *The Press on Cardinal Newman*. Arranged by the Rev. M. F. Glancey. Birmingham: Corby, 21, Moor Street; Dublin: Gill and Son.

It is needless to say that the general tone of all these notices is one of admiration and respect. They form a very interesting collection, and are a valuable element in the Newman literature that is gradually being formed.

Dr. Pallen treats of a very important subject in the address he delivered before the Young Men's Sodality at St. Louis.<sup>1</sup> The young laymen are at the same time the hope and the danger of the Catholic Church in every land. On them depends in great measure the future of the Church: if they are well-instructed, virtuous, active in fighting the cause of God, we shall see a spread of the faith beyond our most sanguine expectations; if they are ignorant, vicious, lazy, the "leakage" will go on more rapidly than ever, and the Church will have to lament over thousands hopelessly lost to her. If a young Catholic cannot answer the ordinary charges brought against his religion, he prejudices the cause of Catholicity, and himself runs the risk of a weakening of his faith. Every day Catholics are called upon to defend their religion against some monstrous accusations, and Protestants look for an answer from every educated Catholic. They also expect a higher standard of life in a Catholic, and are easily scandalized at his moral shortcomings. They know in their hearts that we have means of grace that they have not. But individual effort must be supplemented by social organization. The present time is the time of organization, and as employers and employed alike organize for their own benefit, so Catholic young men must be organized for the maintenance and spread of their religion. Dr. Pallen gives much useful information and advice on these and kindred subjects.

The necessity increasingly felt in Germany for the friends of religion and social order to take measures to combat the active propagandism of socialistic doctrines, induces Father Cathrein to publish in a separate form<sup>2</sup> a portion of his forthcoming second volume of Moral Philosophy, the first volume of which appeared last year. His object is to place weapons in the hand of priests and others who are too busy to fashion them for themselves by study of the subject; for arguments, not legis-

<sup>1</sup> *The Young Man in Catholic Life.* By Condé B. Pallen, Ph. D. St. Louis: Herder.

<sup>2</sup> *Der Socialismus.* Eine Untersuchung seiner Grundlagen und seiner Durchführbarkeit. Von Victor Cathrein, S.J. Freiburg: Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, 1890.

lative enactments, are the arms to be employed against the enemy. In this very clear and ably-written monogram on Socialism he explains the origin and development of the system; the principles, false from a religious, philosophic, and economical standpoint on which it rests; its relation to Liberalism, and the absolute impossibility of its realization. We think that no intelligent reader, whose mind is not hopelessly biassed, can fail to recognize, after reading this little book, that Socialism, arraigned before the bar of common sense and sound knowledge, stands self-condemned. To quote the words wherewith the writer concludes, "Even in its most moderate and reasonable form it is a delusive and impracticable scheme, and would, if carried out, far from fulfilling the brilliant promises wherewith it dazzles the ignorant, overthrow the culture Christianity has introduced, and lead us back to barbaric times; nor could it retain lasting dominion, since it is in direct antagonism to the deeply-rooted instincts and impulses of human nature."

We have received from the Société Saint-Augustin another of the charming little biographies of eminent Jesuit missionaries that Father Rouvier knows so well how to reduce to a small compass without marring the interest of the narrative.<sup>1</sup> Father Brébeuf was one of the first Jesuit missionaries who went out to Quebec in the commencement of the seventeenth century, when Canada became French. His desire was to evangelize the Hurons; to prepare himself for this, during seven months he accompanied a tribe of hunters on their wanderings, living like them, and suffering terrible privations. His ministry for a long time proved utterly inefficacious; after many years of the most patient and persevering labour, he had only baptized a few children at the point of death. At length he succeeded in reaping a harvest of souls for God: to sustain his courage and strengthen him for the martyrdom awaiting him, he received extraordinary graces and supernatural visions. Taken prisoner by the Iroquois in 1649, and tortured in the most brutal manner that even savages could conceive, this intrepid apostle and martyr was finally beheaded by some apostate Hurons.

English Catholics are prone to forget the various treasures of devotion that lie close at hand in Catholic Belgium. Among these, the Relic of the Precious Blood at Bruges is one of the

<sup>1</sup> *Le P. Jean de Brébeuf, S.J., premier Apôtre des Hurons.* Par le P. Rouvier, S.J. Lille: Société Saint-Augustin.

most wonderful. A translation just published,<sup>1</sup> from the French of the Abbé Vanhaecke, Chaplain of the Precious Blood, of his description of this inestimable treasure, ought to give a stimulus to our interest in it, and we hope will cause many visits to be paid there. The time of publication is very opportune, as the annual procession takes place on the first Monday after the 3rd of May—in this year it will fall on the 4th. A description is given of the Chapel of St. Basil, where it is kept, and an account of the probable origin of the relic, which may be traced to the pious care of St. Joseph of Arimathea, who is said to have most carefully preserved the Blood which he wiped with a sponge from our Lord's sacred Body before it was taken down from the Cross. Proofs are given of the authenticity of the relic, and the history of its preservation is carefully traced. Our readers who may visit Bruges will find this volume will add much to the interest of their visit, and to their devotion to this most holy relic.

From the life and writings of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, her children, the Sisters of the Divine Compassion, have collected lessons and thoughts for every day in the month.<sup>2</sup> To this they have added the Mass for her feast, a litany to her, and a novena and a number of other prayers directed to her honour and to the spiritual benefit of those who use them. We hope this little book may tend to promote devotion to this great Saint.

The first volume of *The Catholic's Temperance Library*<sup>3</sup> contains an article by Cardinal Manning on "Our National Vice;" a very moderate pamphlet by Father Cologan on "Total Abstinence from a Catholic point of view;" several stories bearing on the same subject, and a Life of Father Mathew. Every one who has had experience of the havoc wrought by drink among our Catholic poor, will welcome any means which shall be really efficacious in doing anything to check this frightful evil.

One of the most useful means employed by the Catholic

<sup>1</sup> *The Precious Blood at Bruges in Flanders.* By the Abbé L. Vanhaecke. Translated by Annette MacCarthy. London: C. G. Ellis and Co. 11, Clement's Inn.

<sup>2</sup> *The Heart of St. Jane Frances de Chantal.* Thoughts and Prayers compiled from the French by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. With a Preface by the Very Rev. Mgr. Preston. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers.

<sup>3</sup> *The Catholic's Temperance Library.* Vol. I. With Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

Truth Society is the magic lantern. What is presented to the eye makes more impression than what falls upon the ear. Perhaps it is the combination of both that makes the deepest impression of all, and at this the Catholic Truth Society aims by providing for each set of slides a convenient handbook, which provides simple matter to accompany each. Canon Brownlow has drawn up an excellent *Lecture on the Ancient British Church*,<sup>1</sup> and as this subject is at present one that has a great attraction for Anglicans, we hope that the slides and lecture will produce great fruit.

The *Catechetical Instructions of St. Cyril of Jerusalem*,<sup>2</sup> lately published by the Catholic Publication Society of New York, are one of those clear and practical proofs of the identity of primitive doctrine with that of modern Rome that are better than a dozen books of controversy. It is impossible for Protestants to evade their meaning except by subterfuges, or by saying that in the days of St. Cyril Romish corruptions had begun. They are beautifully printed and got up. At the end is an Appendix on the Eucharistic symbols of the Catacombs, with several illustrations.

If our readers desire a little book for spiritual reading in May, let them get *Le Jardin des Roses de Notre Dame*,<sup>3</sup> by Father Meschler, S.J., translated into French by Father Levaux, S.J. Books on the Rosary are scarce, at least in England, and this book, short, well-written, interesting, practical, supplies a want. The first hundred pages treat of the Rosary under various aspects: its treasures, its power, its beauties, its thorns, &c. Then follow a series of meditations on the various mysteries, and a series of appendices treat of the Mass of the Rosary, its Indulgences, appropriate prayers, &c.

A new volume of the Granville Popular Library collects together a number of thrilling *Scenes and Incidents at Sea*.<sup>4</sup> They appear to be very well selected, and our boys, and girls too for the matter of that, will read them with absorbing

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on English Church History*. By the Very Rev. Canon Brownlow. Lecture I. The Ancient British Church. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

<sup>2</sup> *Catechetical Instructions of St. Cyril of Jerusalem*. From the Italian of Canon Nannuchi. By the Right Rev. Francis S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes. New York: Catholic Publishing Society Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Le jardin des Roses de Notre Dame*. Par le R. P. Meschler, S.J. Traduit de l'Allemand par le R. P. Levaux, S.J. Liege: Gódenne, 9, Place de la Cathédrale.

<sup>4</sup> *Scenes and Incidents at Sea*. A new Selection. London: Burns and Oates.

interest. They contain a lot of useful information to be gathered by the way.

A cheap little Manual of Prayers, and Hymns with accompanying Music,<sup>1</sup> has been issued by the Paulist Fathers of New York, at the suggestion of several bishops and pastors. It will be of great convenience to the faithful to have in their hands such an aid to congregational singing. The music is all original and is copyrighted.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The January number of that excellent quarterly, the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, published by the Société Scientifique de Bruxelles, is full of most interesting matter, presented, too, in a manner not above the capacities of such as have given but little attention to science. In an essay on Lightning Conductors, first delivered as a lecture before the Society, the Louvain Professors of Physics, Fathers Thirion and Van Tricht, after an historical sketch of the labours of Franklin, Faraday, and De Romas, give a detailed account of their own experiments in this very practical subject. The object of the authors was to ascertain the range of the protective influence of lightning conductors, and also the best form for use. The result of their experiments is to show that the metallic cage of De Romas is more efficient than Franklin's lightning-rod. In protecting an ordinary house they would proceed as follows. A thin wire is laid along the ridge of the roof, divided at the two ends, and so reaching earth in four points. It would be well to arm this wire on the roof with metallic points. At the centre of the ridge another wire is laid, descending at the back and front of the house to earth in two other points. Three wire girdles at the height of the gutter and the first and second storey serve to complete the cage, all the crossing points being well soldered together. The wires being thin could easily be hidden from sight by taking advantage of architectural details, and the cost would not exceed that of an ordinary lightning-rod. In an article on Darwinism, Father Hahn, the Professor of Biology at

<sup>1</sup> *An Order of Divine Praise and Prayer for Congregational use in Churches.*  
New York : Office of the *Catholic World*.



the Catholic University, Dublin, reviews at considerable length Mr. Wallace's recent work, the conclusion to which the reviewer arrives being, that as far as regards Natural Selection and the question of the origin of species, the time has not yet arrived for pronouncing a final judgment. "The theory of unlimited evolution is not proved; neither is the theory of absolute stability proved." M. Adrien Arcelin continues his discussion of the Glaciers at the Quaternary Epoch, while Father De Greeff writes a most interesting account of the Discovery and Isolation of Fluor. The last article, On Microbes and Dr. Koch's Discovery, is by Dr. Moeller. The usual reviews of recently published scientific books, and summary of scientific progress, consisting of a series of short papers, completes the number. We cannot too heartily recommend this publication to the notice of such Catholics as wish to keep pace with the discoveries of modern science, and to see scientific questions treated from a Catholic standpoint. The eminence of the writers, who include among their number the Bollandist Fathers and the Jesuit Professors of Louvain, is a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the matter provided for the readers of this Review, each number of which consists of about three hundred and fifty pages. The publishers are the Société Belge de Librairie, 16, Rue Treurenberg, and the yearly subscription is 20 frs.

In the *Études* for March, Father Haté exposes the novel theories of M. Flammarion, who, not content with the high position he justly holds as an astronomer, now invents a new religion, based on astronomical facts, which is to supersede our ancient beliefs, *i.e.*, the Catholic faith. M. Flammarion is not an atheist, but the deity he worships is of his own creation, as are also the doctrines he propounds concerning Divine Providence, the place of man in the universe, and his future destiny. The idea that the other planets may be the abode of the human race throughout eternity, does not, we believe, originate with this astronomer. The publication of the Acts of the Vatican Council, forming the seventh volume of the collection of recent Ecumenical Councils, compiled by the Fathers of Maria-Laach, suggests to Father Desjardins to place before the reader an account of the Council—now an event belonging to the history of the past—the circumstances and exigencies that called for it, and the work it accomplished, which fell far short of the programme proposed by Pius the Ninth. The portrait of Cardinal Maury, in his character of diplomatist, and the nature

of the negotiations he carried on while representative of Louis the Eighteenth at the Roman Court, forms the subject of another article. In the remaining one, the theory of the evolution of the motive forces whereby ideas—by which all interior phenomena and forms of consciousness are understood—are produced, is considered from both a psychological and materialistic standpoint. The *Literary Bulletin* passes in review a few of the multitudinous volumes of verses that issue from the French press in the present day. In the majority of these no trace of the Divine afflatus is discernible; but some of the poets who write in the spirit of faith are not lacking in lofty and exalted ideas, though talent of a high order is not found among them.

Father Lehmkuhl, writing in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, gives the substance of a socio-political programme or manifesto, published by the Count de Mun in a French periodical, which admirably sets forth the claims and the wrongs of the various classes of society, the duty of the State in regard to them, and the inefficiency of all legislation without the aid of religion to remedy existing evils. The object of the "undogmatic Christianity," which has been under review in several past numbers of the *Stimmen*, is to check the increase of irreligion, and its fatal consequences to society, by providing a system which, while retaining the semblance of religion, imposes no creed on its adherents. The fact of such a proposal coming from a Professor of Theology shows how widespread among Protestant divines is the rejection of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Father Dreves contributes a paper of great interest on the symbolism of the Cross in the liturgical poetry of the middle ages. Father Duhr concludes his monograph on the character and career of Wallenstein, a great man, who fell through his own fault. Father Wasmann gives a further instalment of his essay on the uses of the antennæ of insects, in which some curious facts are brought to the knowledge of the unlearned in entomology, and the number concludes with an account of a visit to Philadelphia, consisting principally of a full description of the Mint, the most imposing structure of that city, to which access is obtained by strangers with no small difficulty.

The opening article of the April number of the *Katholik*, is a sketch of the life and labours of Dr. Heinrich, Vicar-General of the diocese of Mayence, who entered on his eternal rest exactly

twelve months after the death of Dr. Moufang, his friend and colleague for many years in the editorship of the *Katholik*. Dr. Adler gives some quotations to show the nature of the songs to which socialists and anarchists tune their lyre. As might be expected, far from awakening the noblest and purest emotions of the human heart, they appeal to man's lower nature, and are calculated to arouse the worst passions and stimulate the hatred of control. In another article the Protestant preachers who denounce as un-Christian the strong anti-Semitic feeling now prevalent, are shown to depart widely from the precedent of their forerunners at the time of the Reformation, when the Jews were classed with Papists, and declared no less worthy than they of detestation and persecution. To what extent jokes and witticisms are permissible in the pulpit, without derogating from the sanctity of the place, the solemnity of the occasion, the dignity of the preacher and the weight of his words, and whether, judiciously employed, they may not serve to give zest to his discourse and keep alive the attention of his audience, is a question discussed with much good sense and justice in the pages of the *Katholik*. The history of Cardinal Newman's life previous to his abjuration, gathered from his correspondence, is concluded in the present number.

It might be supposed that to the series of miracles which for more than thirty years have incessantly taken place at the grotto of Lourdes, no fresh wonders could be added. This is, however, not the case. The *Civiltà Cattolica* (978) gives a touching account of some stupendous and instantaneous cures, which have this novel feature, that they are worked by our Lord, doubtless at the instance of His Holy Mother, passing by in the Blessed Sacrament. One is reminded the more strikingly of His deeds of mercy, when in His Sacred Humanity He traversed the towns and villages of Judæa, healing those who came to Him, because the assembled multitudes, in the ardour of their faith, employed the same exclamations as the Jews of old. The Roman question is again brought before the readers of the *Civiltà* (979). It is inquired what are the causes of the poverty of the Italian people, and the financial difficulties of the Government? The joyful acclamations for liberty, United Italy, Rome the capital, have died down in the course of twenty years to a moan of misery and distress. This is attributed to the vast expenditure necessitated by the obligations the nation has taken upon itself by the Triple

Alliance ; in reality, it is because the order of Providence has been disturbed, and the spoliation of the Church has brought poverty on the nation. The history of the pontificate of Pope Gregory the Great is continued ; and the exposition of the physics of St. Thomas. The very able essay on the nature and combination of colours in harmony and dissonance, intelligible almost entirely to the lay-reader, is concluded. The Archæological Notes contain a description of the small chapel (*cubicolo*) of the Good Shepherd in the Cemetery of St. Ermete ; the text of certain fragmentary inscriptions hitherto undeciphered ; and some remarks upon the disused sandpits in which this subterranean cemetery is situated.

